AUGUST 1986

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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SYDNEY SWANS COACH TOM HAFEY SAYS AUSSIE RULES, OKAY!

WINE MYTHS UNCORKED

IS EXERCISE WORTH ALL THAT EFFORT?

FIDELITY WARS: THE CD TAKES ON THE LP

BETTINA ARNDT ON FEMALE PORN

OPENING LINES THAT REALLY WORK

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PLAYBILL

You will have noticed a distinct change from the moment you picked up this month's issue of Australian PLAYBOY. The magazine has a tough new spine and comes minus the staples (publishing types call it perfect-bound). It's a move we feel sure will place Australia's favorite men's magazine even more prominently in the public eye. In this collector's edition you'll find our very first staple-free centrefold. And once you've set your eyes on the divine Michaela Probst's unblemished navel, we strongly suspect she'll be, er, pulled off and placed firmly on display!

Our Playboy Interview subject is Tom Hafey, coach of the high-flying Sydney Swans. In a well-paced interview, contributing editor **Rennie Ellis** questions Hafey on the future of VFL, its infiltration into NSW, and the track record of the Swans. Hafey's final words? Aussie rules, okay!

The lead feature this issue is a volatile read. *Tick. . . Tick. . . Tick. . .* by **Robert Rosenberg** relates that, while we may be worried about Melbourne's Russell Street explosions, there are men who risk their lives day after day working on the world's busiest bomb disposal squad. **Terry Widener** has provided the artwork.

While on the subject of live explosives, we have a genuine blonde bombshell for you this month. Delightful Lynne Austin leads a dramatic life as model and actress and her pictorial is titled (what else?) *Lights, Camera, Austin!* Photographers **Steve Wayda** and **Richard Fegley** were responsible for the fireworks. And don't neglect to get acquainted with lovely Coralie Cole, a dinkum Aussie bush baby from the NSW South Coast city of Wollongong, and the beautiful Carrie Leigh, a young lady who lives a fairytale lifestyle as PLAYBOY publisher Hugh Hefner's very special companion.

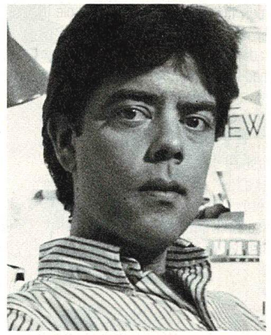
That should satisfy certain appetites, so let's flow on to **Richard Beckett**'s spirited article on wine. In *Uncorking The Myths* he advises you should never be daunted by the showy wine lists and posturing waiters that infest many Aussie restaurants. Meanwhile, **Ben Yagoda** has pared the fat off fitness advice and boiled it down to *The Bottom Line On Exercise* with some streamlined artwork from **Dave Calver**.

We dip into the debate of CD vs LP in an informative, subjective account by two sound experts, **Robert E. Carr** and **David A. Wilson**. Their *Fidelity Wars* is accompanied by some very smooth photography by **Richard Izui**. In *From Club Sandwich To Club Paradise*, **David Standish** recounts how Hollywood took his outline for a movie and turned it into an unrecognisably riotous romp with Peter O'Toole and Robin Williams.

Ever considered the loneliness of the long-distance sailor? In *Solo Sailors*, senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt** profiles two very determined Aussie yachtsmen who hope to take out top honors in the BOC Single-handed Round The World Yacht Race, the ultimate sailing endurance test.

To round out a landmark issue of Australian PLAYBOY, we have a sparkling summer fashion forecast by **Vitek,** a Streetlife column by **Seth Gregory** which gives a bundle of opening lines that really *do* work, and a lively Women column from **Cynthia Heimel** on the games that men play (and she *doesn't* mean football or pro wrestling)! Leading sexologist **Bettina Arndt** gets stuck into the intriguing issue of women's pornography and, in an amazingly frank frame of mind, Men columnist **Asa Baber** has, um, tossed off a piece on masturbation which we couldn't resist labelling *Romancing The Bone.*

Ready to roll? Okay, start turning the pages of your new-look Australian PLAYBOY right now.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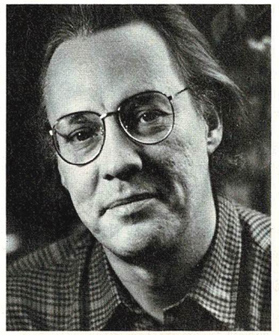
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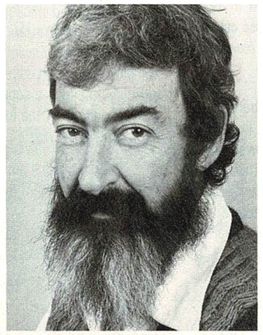
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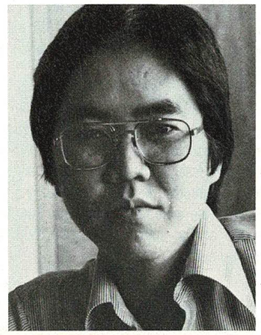
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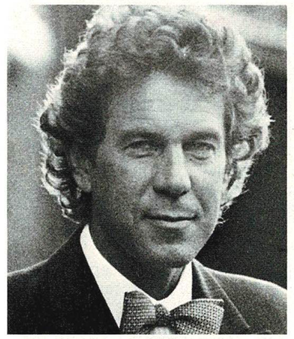
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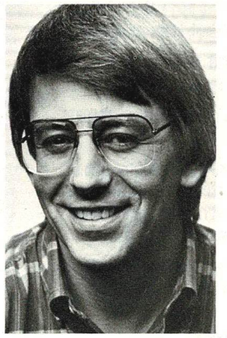
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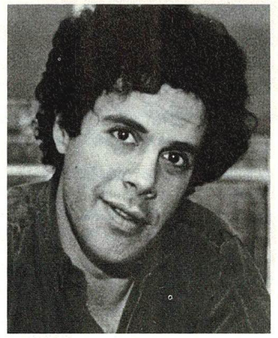
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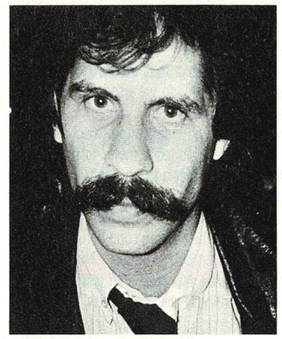
ROSENBERG

The World's Best Radar Detectors Are Now Available In Australia!

If you follow motorsports and auto enthusiast magazines throughout the world, you've probably noticed that whenever the American press reviews radar detectors, one source is singled out time and time again: Cincinnati Microwave, makers of the ESCORT and PASSPORT radar warning receivers.

In The Beginning

About ten years ago, we were just a small group of engineers that also happened to be car enthusiasts. After evaluating all the radar detectors on the market, we decided that the only way we could have the best detector possible was to design and build it ourselves. Two years later, we introduced ESCORT.

Report Card

When *Car and Driver* first tested ESCORT in 1979, they were overwhelmed: **"The ESCORT truly stood out from the rest...In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."**

Our Secret

How did a small company come from nowhere to take such a lead? We had extensive background in military and communications electronics, which allowed us to design the first high performance dual band superheterodyne detector circuitry. But what was equally important was the fact that we were car enthusiasts. The detectors on the market at that time told you that radar was there, but nothing else.

All the Right Moves

We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

Car and Driver noticed. They said, **"Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."**

Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

Modern Classic

In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."**

1981 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."**

1982 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."**

1983 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."**

1983 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."**

1984 *Rotary Rocket:* **"Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."**

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: **PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."**

1985 *BMW Roundel:* **"Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."**

Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT: **"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace."** That's probably our favorite quote ever.

New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

Try at no risk

Take the first 30 days with Escort or Passport as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose. We also back our products with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labour.

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CONTENTS

DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
STREETLIFE 14
MONEY 16
WOMEN 19
MEN 20
SHOWBIZ 24

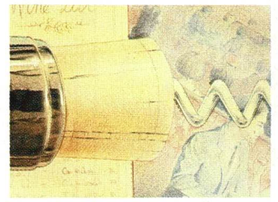
27
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

Sydney Swans coach Tom Hafey says Aussie rules, okay!

38
TICK. . . TICK. . . TICK
Minute by minute with the world's busiest bomb disposal unit.

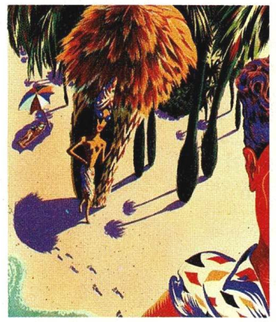
41

LIGHTS, CAMERA, AUSTIN!
Lynne Austin is a real live blonde bombshell.

48
WINE: UNCORKING THE MYTHS

Richard Beckett says don't be daunted by showy wine lists and posturing waiters.

52

SOLO SAILORS
Can an Aussie win yachting's ultimate endurance test?

56
FROM CLUB SANDWICH TO CLUB PARADISE

Caribbean capers on location with Peter O'Toole and Robin Williams.

61
ASTRO GIRL

Dreamy Michaela Probst is definitely out of this world.

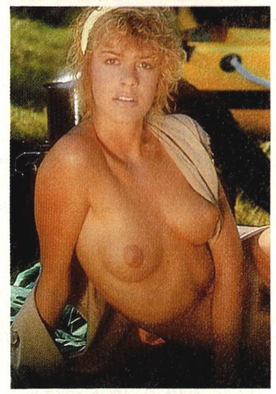
74
THE BOTTOM LINE ON EXERCISE
Is working out really worth all that effort?

78
FIDELITY WARS
Is it R.I.P. for the LP or are CDs just shiny silver platters?

82
SUMMER FASHION FORECAST
What's hot and what's not for this Aussie summer.

89
CARRIE LEIGH

A pictorial tribute to Hugh Hefner's special companion.

103
BUSH BABY

Gorgeous Coralie Cole's a real natural.

113
ON THE SCENE
Presenting the Polaroid 7000 and the Kawasaki Jet Ski.

116
SEX
News and views from around the world.

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by APTypographics Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 7246), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone 02 268 0666).

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Annual subscription rates: Australia $42.00; Overseas, $A52.00 (by surface mail).

CREDITS
Bush Baby pictorial: Camping equipment by Kangaroo Tent City; rubber boat by Achilles from Crews Safe Ent.; Range Rover '86 model from J.R.A. Cover: Nails by FUSS. Pages 108 & 109: Towels by Powder Blue, lingerie by Dorith Unger, photographed at European Bathrooms.

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

THE LAST STRAW

In regard to your *Last Closet* article in the February issue, it seems to me that Tony Love and D. Keith Mano have been hanging by their feet in the closet for too long! Some of the propositions put forward are ludicrous in the extreme.

The opening paragraphs describing the imaginary street march are amusing but things go downhill from there. If people engaged in S&M practices are so sure that what they're doing is right, they wouldn't be crawling around basements and brothels to do it. Surely they would be out there trying to show the rest of us the error of our ways!

The authors refer to S&M as "an incurable obsession". Since when is any obsession healthy?

The lowest point in this story is reached in the conclusion. To suggest that to embrace someone you love is to exercise dominance over them, or that to take someone's hand at times of stress is to assert superior physical strength, is sick beyond belief. Clearly these people can neither feel nor understand love and through your article it's clear why society in general treats them as the disgusting degenerates they are.

Name withheld,
Ingleburn, NSW.

POOR OLD CROCS

I am no lover of crocodiles as a species, but after reading your article on the disappearance of Beryl Wruck in the Daintree (*Crocodile!*, June 1986), I think I prefer them to human beings.

It seems stupid enough for starters to go swimming in crocodile-infested waters after dark on top of a few drinks, but for the locals to then take to their boats in order to seek "revenge" on a reptile which had apparently been doing exactly what one would expect it to do in those circumstances, surpasses belief.

Did they think this would teach a lesson to the other crocs or something? I've always marvelled at the morons who go off in pursuit of a particular shark they think has killed a human being, as if they would know one from another in the vastness of the ocean. Now it seems there's another bunch of idiots who believe that yet another species of natural predator should abide by the same rules as human beings set up for themselves.

Sometimes I despair of human nature.

P.K.,
Gosford, NSW.

EARTH-SHATTERING

Just a note to let you know that your pictorial on Christine Richters in June (*The Richters Scale*) was f-a-n-t-a-s-t-i-c! On my personal scale of beautiful women, Christine is firmly on top!

J.P.,
Windsor, NSW.

There's one superlative you forgot to use in describing the gorgeous Christine Richters. She's earth-shattering. . .

More please!

Name withheld,
Mentone, Vic.

Judging by the effusive comments of other readers, we forgot to mention delectable, devastating, divine. . . Hey, someone pass the Thesaurus, quick — Ed.

THE AMERICANS ARE COMING

It's ever so slightly ironic to sit here reading Ronald Reagan Jnr's account of the summit meeting between his father and Gorbachev while the news has been full of the old warmonger sending his F111s to drop bombs on Tripoli. Only in self-defence, of course, and only on military targets which train guerrillas. Whoops, sorry! Just by accident they hit the town and, yes, the French Embassy too!

Oh well, it's worth it to stop terrorism, isn't it, unless it's the terrorists the USA trains to go into Nicaragua and kill innocent peasants in the hope of unseating the legitimately elected government.

Hypocrisy, thy name is Reagan. Gaddafi may be psycho, but the events of the past months show he's not the only one. He's not even the most dangerous one. Now we can sit back and wait for tidal waves of terrorism to engulf us, and then what is Reagan going to do? Bomb everybody into the Stone Age?

Name withheld,
Cowra, NSW.

TOP PLAYMATES

My warm congratulations to Ali Lynwood on her win as Playmate Of The Year. I always knew Sydney had the best-looking birds in Australia!

L. McC.,
Cammeray, NSW.

You couldn't have made a better choice. Ali Lynwood truly deserves to be your Playmate Of The Year. She has stunning legs, a graceful body, lovely face and warm, kind eyes.

It may be a bit early but I'm ready to cast my vote for the next Playmate Of The Year. Marcia Berger, Miss June, is going to take a lot of beating.

P. Smith,
Melbourne, Vic.

BONUS ISSUE

Thank you for the June issue of Aussie PLAYBOY! What a bonus for movie buffs! Not only an in-depth interview with my favorite lady of the silver screen, Kathleen Turner, but a fascinating round-up of *The Year In Movies* to remind me of all the great stuff I've seen over the past 12 months.

And while I'm on the subject, which of you guys think up all those crazy titles? *Asia On $20 A Lay*, indeed!

K. McF.,
Petersham, NSW.

SWINGING PARTY

Congratulations are in order for your article, *Scientific Principles Of The Party Tape,* in March Australian PLAYBOY.

After reading this feature I decided to give the principles a go. It took me two weeks to make five tapes. All my time and effort paid off when all my friends said it was a great party. But the best part was that I met the girl of my dreams there. Thanks to you I'm a happy guy!

Robert Guttman,
West Mackay, Qld.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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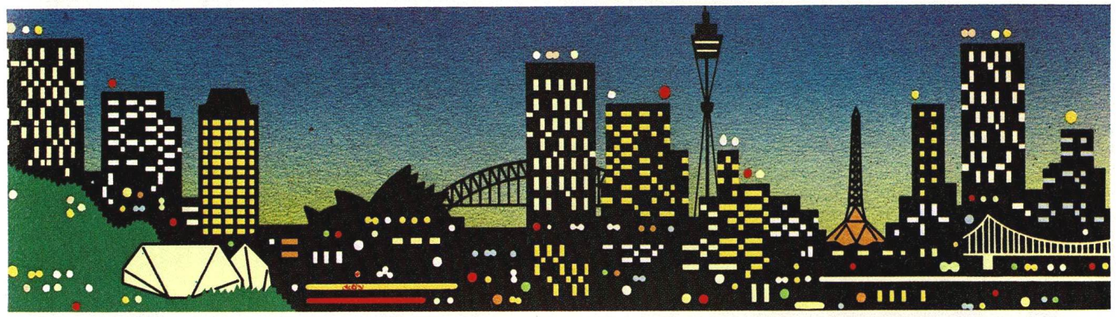


SNAKE ALIVE

A Brisbane cleaning lady got the fright of her life while vacuuming a plushly carpeted veterinary clinic.

After shutting-down the Hoover, she noticed its flexible tube was still jumping about. Leaving the vet a message about the movement in the machine, she locked up and went home.

Next morning the thoughtful vet called his cleaning lady to dispel any fears she may have had. Just a carpet snake, he cheerfully explained.

Of course.

WOMEN IN CHAINS

A feminist chain letter directed exclusively to women promises to yield between $5000 and $10,000 on a one-dollar investment.

Even the best ideas can go haywire. We know one fellow who was inadvertently sent the letter so he passed it on to his female friends requesting them not to break the chain. His postscript explained he needed the money for a sex change.

STAYIN' ALIVE

A court rocked 'n' rolled with laughter as John Travolta was accused of stealing Elvis Presley's dole money.

The unlikely confrontation occurred in Tyneside in NE England. Eighteen-year-old Travolta is a joiner who changed his name by deed-poll from Peter Hind. He was accused of stealing a dole cheque from his former flatmate, Presley, who used to be known as Steve Armstrong.

Just for the, er, record, Travolta was released on bail.

FALSE ALARM

A certain resident of Kingston, Jamaica, told the local newspaper: "My brother-in-law's father never wanted him to marry my sister. They were on their way by ferry to church for the wedding when a row broke out over money.

"As they were shouting at each other, the bridegroom's false teeth jumped out and fell into the water. At first he said he wouldn't go to the altar without them, but in the end his best man lent him his own for the ceremony."

SPRIGHTLY OLD CHAP

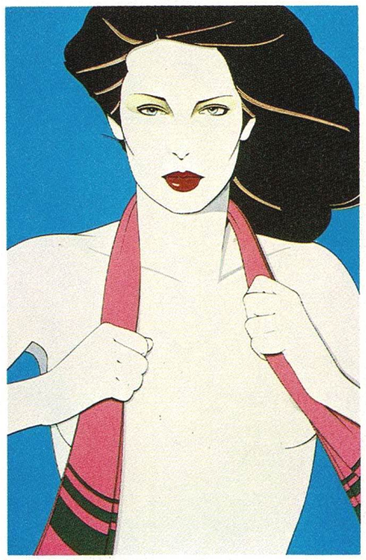
The lawyer confirmed that his client had climbed a 15 metre derelict building, fallen through its roof, hacked a hole in the wall beside which he'd landed and, on coming face to face with the police officers who were waiting for him on the other side, reclimbed the 15 metres before vanishing over the city rooftops.

The legal eagle then asked the court to be lenient "because the accused has been in trouble with the police since 1931, and at the age of 82 suffers from severe arthritis".

MILE HIGH CLUB NEWS

Passengers aboard a recent flight on an airline which will remain nameless heard this inadvertent slip from their captain who had left the public address system turned on: "All I need now is a hot cup of coffee and a blow job."

When a shapely flight attendant promptly headed toward the front of the cabin, an amused traveller yelled, "Don't forget the coffee, love!"



BOWED DOWN

We hear that Japanese telephone boxes are being made larger so callers won't get headaches. The reason for this structural change is because the Japanese keep banging their heads against the side of the phone booths when bowing to important people at the other end of the telephone connection.

It may sound ridiculous but a telephone company spokesman has confirmed that the problem is a very real one: "The Japanese have very keen ears," he said. "The lower you bow the body, the more respectful the voice sounds."

With respect, we're just a mite worried about the number of polite Japanese executives who have car phones. . .

DRIVEN TO DRINK

And we thought we'd heard them all. A driver was arrested for being behind the wheel of a car with two flat tyres. When breathalysed, he was just under the legal limit so the boys in blue let him off with a stern warning and an order to proceed straight home.

Three hours later, the same policemen pulled over a panel van with a broken windscreen and found the same driver behind the wheel. This time his breathalyser reading was well over the legal limit.

"Don't be hard on him," explained his girlfriend, a passenger in the van. "He passed his driving test this morning so we are celebrating. He was so upset by his first offence that he needed a drink to pull himself together."

MONEY TALKS

The following incident, which occurred in a jam-packed parking lot recently, should tickle the fancy of all of you who are unjustly stuck with a family Ford instead of a Ferrari.

A young woman in a Porsche shot in past a woman about to enter a parking spot and announced, "That's how it's done when you're young and agile." Whereupon the woman rammed the Porsche with her Rolls-Royce and said, "That's how it's done when you're old and rich!"

With over half a million kilometres of sealed roads in Australia, you may have to drive a long way on bitumen to get off the beaten track.

Yet most tyres that are built for the bush can't come to grips with "civilised" roads.

Especially in the wet.

What is needed is an off-road tyre that performs like a passenger tyre on the road. And vice versa.

Bridgestone Desert Dueler gives you the versa without the vices.

As Bushdriver Magazine reported: "We couldn't fault the Bridgestones in rocky or boulder, gravel or sandy conditions. The Bridgestone Steel Radials gripped the rock surfaces with confidence and ease, whilst the sidewalls flexed beautifully.

After hard abuse and punishment, we noticed no fractures, bruising or damage of any sort."

The same advanced steel belted radial construction that makes light work of any heavy going in the bush easily handles the irregularities of the "civilised" road.

The precisely angled dynamic block tread pattern of the Bridgestone Desert Dueler minimises all tread movement, to provide a longer wear life and noticeably reduce road noise on bitumen roads.

And the flexible sidewalls keep the tread flat on the road giving outstanding adhesion and excellent steering stability – even on the wettest of roads.

Bridgestone Desert Dueler: a dual purpose tyre that is not just another compromise.

Rather, a tyre that is totally at ease on or off-road.

BRIDGESTONE

Desert Dueler. Built to survive the outback and the road back.

BAL 495

STREETLIFE

Research in singles bars proves there are certain opening lines that will really help you score.

It's 8.30 pm, the band has started playing, and the bar is mobbed. The growing crowd has filled all the tiny tables in the place. Secretaries and shop assistants sit having forced conversations with one another while nursing their drinks. They pretend not to notice any of the men who are looking them over.

He's lounging against the wall wearing his latest Flash Cadillac red singlet and Bad Boy Co black canvas jeans and holding a Swan Lager stubby. He has been looking over the pickings for about 30 minutes when he spots her. She's got short blonde hair, a great tan and the sort of body that dreams are made of. He starts to edge toward the table where she pretends to be absorbed in conversation with a plain looking brunette with frizzy hair.

The bar is even more crowded than it was a few minutes ago. Standing room only. As he moves toward her table he brushes up against enough female flesh to produce intense body friction. By the time he reaches her, he's really beginning to boil. She interrupts her conversation and turns to look at him. It's now up to him. He's got to say something. But what? What would you say?

"Haven't we met somewhere before?"

"Come here often?"

"What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

Those are the opening lines men have been using for years — maybe even for centuries — to break the ice with the opposite sex. She probably hears each one 10 times a night. He can do better than that. New times demand new lines. And what better place to get them than from scientific research?

Researcher Thomas E. Murray visited 50 singles bars clocking up a total of 500 hours eavesdropping on conversations and recording what people said. By the time he was finished, he had collected 3000 opening lines which he compiled into a book, *The Language Of Singles Bars*, divided into categories of compliments, advertisements/declarations and questions.

COMPLIMENTS

Murray classified 500 of his opening lines as compliments. The most common was a compliment on an article of clothing. ("I like your dress," for example.) Compliments constituted one-sixth of the total, making them the least popular form of opening line. According to Murray, compliments are unpopular because they suggest the speaker is desperate. Like discos, bingo games, massage parlors, rock festivals and any other place where people congregate, singles bars have their own norms of proper behavior. One important rule is that men remain cool and controlled. Appearing desperate guarantees you will go home alone.

Although most compliments concerned clothing, some focused on more personal characteristics. For example, Murray recorded 56 instances of conversations beginning with the line, "You got a great arse." (By the way, only 32 of those conversations were initiated by men, the rest were started by women.) Many men used variations on the line, "You got great boobs," to break the ice. Among females who used compliments as conversation openers, some common ones were: "I like your arse," "I like what I can see," and "You look like you can go on forever."

ADVERTISEMENTS/ DECLARATIONS

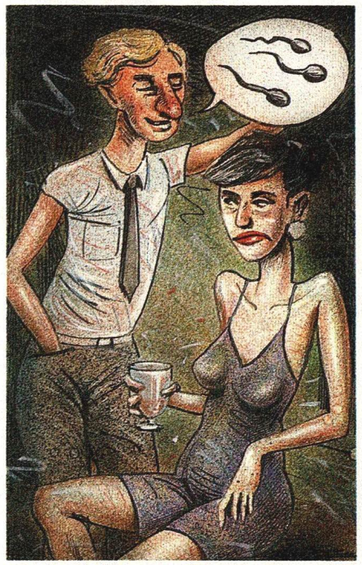
About one-third of opening lines fit in this category ("I'm hot," for example). The most common of these opening lines was "My name is ___" or something similar. But advertisements could be much more creative. Often they used metaphor and abstract imagery to make their point. Here are some examples:

"My firecracker is lit."

"My tool is sharp."

"My yard is hard."

"My dong is two feet long."



Females also used advertisements in opening lines. The following examples illustrate that their imagery and subtlety paralleled that of males:

"I love lollipops."

"I want to play."

"My box is empty."

"My bunny really hops."

QUESTIONS

More than half of all opening lines were questions and the most common of those was "What's your name?" followed closely by "How are you?" and "Want a drink?" But such questions are really not what most men had on their minds. A few got right to the point. "Wanna fuck?" (screw, ball, get laid, saddle up, or do it) was recorded 350 times. This total does not include such lines as "Want to play my organ?" "Want to tinker my toy?" "Wanna honk my horn?" "Can I pet your pussy?" and "Can I peter your rabbit?" Girls addressing men expressed similar thoughts. ("Can I toot your horn?", for example.)

Murray found opening lines were used with varying frequency at different times of the night. For example, compliments tend to increase as the night goes by and they are particularly common after midnight. (This is presumably when desperation sets in.) Actually, this finding makes good sense. Psychologists, who have asked people to rate other patrons at a bar for attractiveness, have reported that ratings made late in the evening are routinely higher than those made earlier — even when the same "judges" are doing the ratings and the *same* people are being rated.

It seems that early in the evening, when people are optimistic about their chances of success, their standards are high. As the evening drags on, however, they become less picky about looks. At the same time as their standards are being lowered, their use of compliments is increasing.

So what about our hopeful young man, the one we left staring at the blonde and wondering what to say? What is the best opening line? Well, it depends on the time of night and the type of person.

Lines like "Do you want to sit on a 10-inch pole?" are rarely successful but if they work at all, they are best tried very late at night and with someone who has reached the point of desperation. Earlier in the evening, and particularly if the girl has been receiving a lot of propositions, something more subtle is called for.

One of the smoothest lines, and useful in many situations, is "How do I get to talk to you without appearing to be trying to pick you up?" Whatever line you finally use, do it with confidence, looking the girl right in the eye.

By the way, the blonde invited our man to drive her home. I just saw them leaving. — SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL MOORE

3 sound reasons to demand an Akai Compact Disc player.

AKAI's state-of-the-art technology. AKAI's superior styling. AKAI's quality reputation. Three sound reasons to demand the latest range of AKAI compact disc players.

Each AKAI player is host to a range of innovative features, such as a 3 beam laser pick-up system for fast, accurate and stable tracking. Simple programing and advanced search and play functions for ease of operation. Unique mechanisms to prevent disc damage and improve sound quality. And, a subcode terminal which will expand the visual capabilities of the compact disc to be offered in the near future. The CD-A70 also features a multi-function remote control for ease of operation from the comfort of your armchair.

Each player is effective as an individual component, or can be integrated with your own system for performances that will fulfill your every musical expectation.

For innovation and styling that achieves new dimensions in audio technology, you can't go past the AKAI CD-A70, CD-A30 or CD-M515.

Three sound reasons to demand AKAI Compact Disc Players.

AKAI

"Customer Caring♡Spirit."

IKA/AK484

MONEY

You, too, can qualify for a government grant, if you can only dream up a good enough reason.

I have to admit it: it was an embarrassing moment. A few weeks ago, as part of a spruiking exercise for a book I had written, I was persuaded to spend a morning answering listeners' questions about money on a talk-back radio show. The morning was about half over when a lady, whose voice echoed years of hard toil, rang to ask a question on behalf of her daughter and son-in-law. It seemed that the kids wanted to buy a house. They had one picked out but finance was a problem. They had no savings, you see, and not a job between them. In fact, they lived on the dole, to put it bluntly.

"Well," I said, "I think they have a problem." I told her about the commonwealth government's first homeowner's scheme which could probably help them with a deposit and even with part of the early repayments, but who were they going to get to make them a loan? And even if they could borrow some money, how would they make the monthly payments?

"No," I told the disappointed caller, "I'm afraid at least one of them will have to get a job before they can seriously consider buying a house."

Ten minutes later, it happened. The male caller didn't have a question to ask. He was ringing to set me straight. Being on the dole did not necessarily mean you couldn't buy a house. The state government had a program designed to help people buy council houses and arrangements could be made to tailor the payments to fit those whose budgets consist solely of the dole. In other words, I was wrong. Not having a job or any savings does not necessarily prevent you from buying a house.

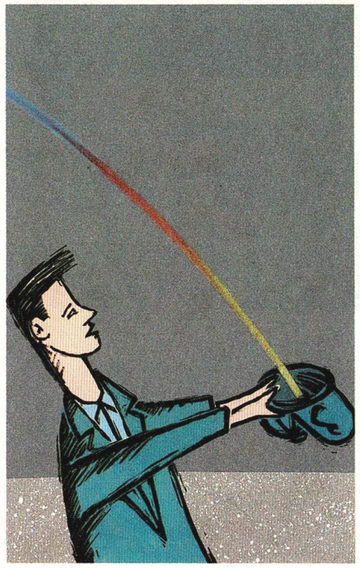
I was stunned. Not simply because I gave the lady incorrect advice (although I imagine that didn't do much for my credibility or book sales), but because I really believed that to buy a house you had to first save up a deposit, then you had to convince a bank that you could be trusted with their money, and finally you had to work for years paying off the blessed mortgage.

As it turned out, my caller did exaggerate a bit. The state government program is designed to help people through temporary periods of unemployment. It is not a wholesale giveaway of public property. Nevertheless, as a money expert, I certainly had a lot to learn about how the public economy really works.

By coincidence, just as I was vowing to find out more about government financial programs, I came across a flyer for a book, *How To Get Money From The Government*, by E.A. Bajkowski, "economist and journalist" and currently adviser to the Confederation of Australian Industry, an organisation of some repute.

The come-on was irresistible: "Government funds are available for almost every activity." "Government assistance is your right and entitlement." "Stop the one-way flow of paying too much tax." I decided this was the publication for me. Although it costs $85, Bajkowski's book is an invaluable reference for anyone looking for a government hand-out.

For example, the book details a number of government programs in the arts, sports and recreation. You can get a grant to write a novel, screenplay or even poetry. There is also money available to organise fitness programs for kids during the long school holidays. There are separate programs for the disabled. Grants can be had for painting, sculpture, dance and opera to name but a few of the arts.



Government money is also available for legal aid, research, hostels, women in crisis, aboriginal studies, telephone interpreters, funerals, international travel (for academics and others), housing, helping relatives to migrate, improving television reception, migrant workers' rights, and fertiliser, so help me.

In addition, there are the welfare programs looked after by the Department of Social Security. Those include the unemployment benefit ($97.90 per week for singles and $163.60 per week for married couples), age pensions, wife's pension, sickness benefit, handicapped children's allowance, invalid pensions, spouse carer's pension, mobility allowance, family allowance, family income supplement, orphan's pension, supporting parent's benefit, and a program known as special benefit. According to the Department of Social Security, you are eligible for a special benefit if you can't earn a living and you can't qualify for any other pension or benefit.

If you decide you don't want to live in Australia (perhaps you object to all those government programs), you can take your pension or supporting parent's benefit overseas and never come back. You'll keep receiving your money until you die and when you finally do, the government will pay your "funeral benefit" even though you are being buried in some corner of a foreign field.

Government programs are not limited to individuals; businesses get them too. There are export grants, tariffs, quotas, anti-dumping measures, bounties, offsets, venture capital arrangements, subsidies, concessions, tax deductions and tax shelters. At the local and state level, there are controls on the price of eggs, bread, milk and many other commodities and services. Where I live, bread prices recently increased by two cents a loaf.

According to the bread board, the reason for the rise is to compensate bakers for the increased costs of flour, eggs and so on. The owner of my local hot bread shop celebrated the occasion by buying a new Maserati.

Perhaps the most lucrative government hand-outs are reserved for politicians whose allowances, foreign travel, superannuation schemes and other perks would satisfy even the most avaricious dole bludger, a term they so quaintly coined.

Where does the money for all these programs come from? Why, the average worker, of course. If you earn $20,000 to $25,000 per year and you have no children, chances are that you will fail to qualify for any handouts (assuming you are in good health).

It is your income tax, however, that is being used to finance the various programs. This is not necessarily wrong. We have a duty to help those who find it impossible to survive economically. And everyone is entitled to good medical care. But what happens when the average worker begins to feel that he is the only one paying tax and not receiving a hand-out? Does he get married and have kids just to receive a family allowance? Does he look up long lost relatives just to qualify for migrant assistance? Does he take opera singing lessons? Does Bajkowski's book become a best seller? — SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

DOUWE EGBERTS
DRUM
Excellent
bright and dark cigarette tobacco
READY RUBBED CIGARETTE TOBACCO
50 g NET WHEN PACKED
To really enjoy your next cigarette, roll tobacco.
DRUM.
THE WORLD'S FINEST BLEND OF TOBACCOS. ALSO AVAILABLE IN DRUM MILD.

BEL radar detectors

Peace of mind for anyone living life in the fast lane

An appreciation for precision and performance isn't necessarily a prerequisite for living life in the fast lane, but when it comes to buying a radar detector precision and performance are everything – after all much more than just your peace of mind depends on it!

With BEL radar detectors you can rest easy. In a comparison test of remote-mounted 'hidden' detectors *Car & Driver* cited BEL's XKR-VR as "clearly the one to buy" while in a similar test of 'portable' detectors *Road & Track* commended BEL's **XKR-LR** for "superior sensitivity to police radar and effective screening of pollution from other detectors" – top recommendations from two of the world's top motoring magazines.

What works overseas doesn't necessarily work in Australia though. Accordingly BEL engineers have tuned their detectors to maximise response to Australian X and K band radar giving you the ultimate in protection. And to insure your peace of mind BEL radar detectors are fitted with sophisticated filters designed to minimise false alarms – so when your BEL's alarm sounds you know there's a good reason for it.

So, if you're looking for the best in radar detection the solution is simple – BEL radar detectors. The only choice is whether you prefer the benefits of portability granted by the removable BEL XKR-VI, or whether the discrete remote-mount BEL XKR-VR (suitable for in-dash installation) is more your style.

BEL XKR-VI – The 'state-of-the-art' portable unit. Just ¾-inch high, 3⅛-inches wide and 4½-inches long, this unit comes complete with mounting equipment for either dash or sunvisor and a power plug for your cigarette lighter. The XKR-VI features a single-ridge wave-guide microwave horn for maximum detection performance, operates on 12 volt DC, draws a nominal 190mA and is suitable for operation in temperatures between -12C and +70C. Manufactured in Canada to the highest specifications the XKR-VI offers superior portable performance for just – **$339***

BEL XKR-VR – The ultimate in remote detectors. The XKR-VR's antenna sits behind your vehicles radiator leaving the three-inch long warning console as the only visible evidence that you are enjoying BEL protection. Easily installed the XKR-VR offers the same precision engineering as BEL's portable unit in a discrete, secure package – **$449*** Trade enquiries welcome

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Please rush me:
☐ BEL XKR-VI @ $339* ☐ BEL XKR-VR @ $449*

NAME: .....

SIGNATURE: .....

ADDRESS: .....

P/C: ..... PB

I have enclosed
cheque, money order, Bankcard no. .....

* includes postage & handling

* Not legal in Tasmania, unsuitable for SA and Qld.

WOMEN

We've all heard only two can play. But that doesn't mean this kind of sex game.

Cleo was in a vocal mood. "I think I'm about to chunder, chuck a technicolor yawn. Puke," she announced. "Hey, waiter! Another gin and tonic! A large one!"

"More decorum, dear," I said primly, "I mean we *are* in downtown Double Bay, stomping ground of the glittering literati *and* Sydney's finest."

"There's George Negus!" shrieked Cleo. "Yoohoo! George!"

It was a mistake to let Cleo drink in the afternoon, but after a day of scouring sales, we were heady with the hunt and were now ensconced at what I like to think was probably Bryan Brown's table, had he been there.

"So we bought everything in sight and had a rousing chat about how women play games with men," Cleo now said, "but did any of you look into the subtext of my reckless shopping abandon? Did you ever think I might be heartbroken? Hey, is that Grant Dodwell?"

"No," said Rita, "please continue. You interest us strangely."

"So this bloke I've been seeing," said Cleo, "you remember the dreamboat. We had six months of bliss. So, two nights ago it was, he sleeps with somebody else. BAD. But worse, he drops so many clues I have no choice but to notice. Just follow the arrows to Dan's indiscretion. He keeps bringing up Wednesday night, saying he's going out with a friend of his.

"Then he forgets and says it was this different friend and then tells me he hasn't seen this bloke in months and months, that this bloke must be avoiding him since he owes him money.

"But he keeps bringing it up, telling me vehemently where he's going.

"Then he calls me that night, I'm not home, he knew I wouldn't be, and leaves a message on my answering machine: 'Call me when you get in.' So I do. So he's not there.

"I keep calling until it finally dawns on me that I've been set up.

"Then because I'm such a dill, I *still* keep calling. I finally stop at five in the morning, two Valiums later."

"Jesus," I said.

"Holy shit," Rita said.

"Bloody hell," Lucy said.

"He finally gets home from his night of fucking and sucking and moaning and licking and I call him and say, 'Why did you do it?' Not, 'I'm going to shoot you, you shithead bastard.' "

"Admirable restraint, darling," said Lucy.

"I really wanted to know," said Cleo. "It was so manipulative, such a game. We hadn't ever formally promised not to see other people.

"So he either could have told me outright, which would have been painful but fair enough, or he could have made damned sure I wouldn't find out. But this shouting it from the rooftops?

"I figured that he was obviously trying to get my attention."

"So why did he do it?" we all asked.

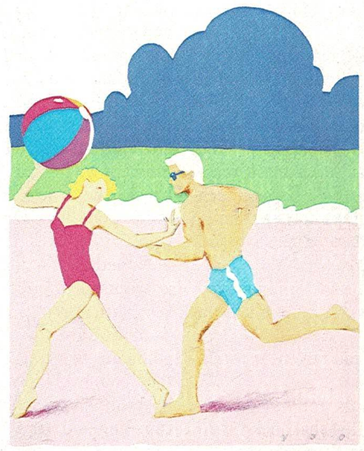
"He just threw his hands in the air and said, 'I don't know, I guess I'm just a bad liar. I guess I just think with my dick sometimes.' "

"He threw his hands in the air? How do you know? I thought you were talking to him on the phone," I said.

"Well, he only lives a couple of blocks away, so I went over there and messed him up a bit. A spot of punching and kicking. When I was through, he said he thought it would be a good idea if we had a baby. The last-ditch manipulation."

"Speaking of dicks," said Rita, "I once had a boyfriend who came over one morning, started to get into bed with me, then excused himself and went to the bathroom. I happened to walk by on my way to the kitchen and noticed him washing his dick."

"Why were you on your way to the kitchen?" Lucy wondered. "Why weren't you lying there, panting?"



"Because he suggested that I make him a cup of coffee. I guess he *wanted* me to witness the dick-washing. He had come straight from another woman's bed."

"He couldn't have stopped home to take a shower?" I asked. "Men do play some heavy games. I once found another woman's underwear hanging in my boyfriend's bathroom.

"So what will you do, Cleo? See him again? Dump him?"

"Oh, I dumped him. He's history. I didn't want to. I love him. I'll miss him. But that little trick was so sneaky and greedy and destructive. I'm just too old and tired to play.

"If he had owned up, admitted that he wanted me to find out, we could have discussed it, come to some kind of understanding."

"But I don't think they actually comprehend what they're doing," said Lucy. "I think these games spring from some dark recess in the id and bypass the consciousness altogether. We're talking about deeply imperative psychological needs. I think when men play those games they're perceiving us having enormous power. They don't fully comprehend that we can be hurt."

"Bullshit," I said. "They know enough to hit on the most hurtful game of all: sexual infidelity."

"Nah," said Rita, "they play all kinds of games. Like setting the table with three forks at one place and three knives at another so we'll say, 'Oh, that's okay my incompetent sweet, I'll just do it myself from now on.' "

"My wife didn't let me get away with that one," said our waiter, bringing pasta. " 'I'm not so stupid, Sidney, I know you're a waiter,' she said."

"Whenever I get myself a job," said Lucy, "my husband gets sick, or sets the apartment on fire, or is overcome by a mad desire to be a father."

"Why do men play games?" I wailed.

"Why do *people* play games," said Rita, "because we play them too. And in a way we're worse, because we *know* we're playing them. Women, traditionally having less power than men, are more aware of manipulation as a tool."

"But do women ever parade sexual infidelity in front of their mate's noses?"

"Probably," said Rita, "but most of us use more complicated, subtle and sophisticated little ploys.

"Male games are very crude and clumsy by comparison."

"So why do any of us play games?" I said. "It's so self-defeating."

"Fear," said Cleo, "raw, grisly, unmitigated fear.

"Hey, waiter! Bring me another gin and tonic. And more of the same for my comrades." —CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MEN

Romancing The Bone: not just the latest sensation, more of a tug at the emotions.

Comedian Rodney Dangerfield got it exactly right. "The first time I had sex, I was terrified," he said. "It was late at night. It was dark. I was alone."

Oh, yeah, Rodney, I know what you mean. The same thing happened to me. And it seems to keep happening. As a matter of fact, I hope it never stops, because it isn't terrifying any more.

Maybe one day Roget's *Thesaurus* will have a list of the synonyms we men have given masturbation: jerking off, pulling the pud, milking the lizard, throbbery under palms, shaking hands with the wife's best friend — the list goes on, but you know what I'm talking about. . . one of life's major recreational activities, that's what I'm talking about.

Where would we be without the joy of solitary sex? Dead or in a strait-jacket, I think. It's not easy being needy. When it comes to excessive energy, the healthy male is a nuclear powerplant, a Three-Mile Island waiting to happen. We avoid meltdown by tapping the tank before it explodes.

Tapping the tank; another synonym.

When I was younger, I used to think that tapping the tank was a hobby that would fade in time, but that's not the case. "I can't believe it," a good friend of mine said. "The married men in this organisation masturbate more than the single men!" He had just seen the results of the polygraph tests administered in his government agency. "Do you believe that?" he asked.

"Why wouldn't I?" I said. "I'm married and I still do it. I haven't stopped, have you?"

"Are you kidding? I can't even give it up for Lent," he laughed.

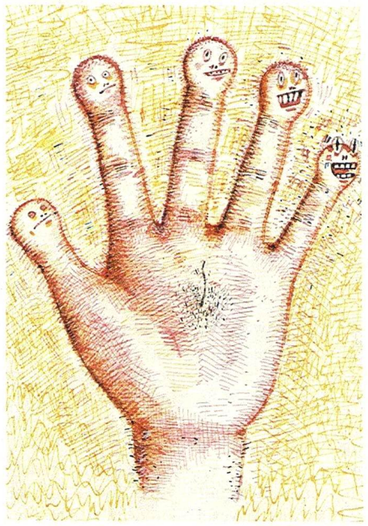
That's right: most of us won't give it up, not even for Lent. We flog that snake in all seasons. And we've been doing it for years. It could be argued that Penis Elbow is the biggest potential sports injury in the world. The next time you see a guy with his arm in a sling, don't ask him how he hurt himself. It's obvious. And have a little pity for the one-armed victim: very few of us are switch-handers. A man with an injured arm is in pain in more ways than one.

You would think that all this romancing the bone would meet with society's approval. After all, we practised pud-thumpers hurt no one with our private workouts. We seek simple comfort, a release from tension, the tranquillity of a remembered moment or a fantasised love. It's basic, it's creative, it's fun.

So why is it called self-abuse? And why is it an unmentionable topic in some company? And why is guilt about it still dropped around our horny hands?

Put it this way: you've heard of the separation of religion and the state, but have you heard of religion's separation of the mind and the body?

That's right, you eel-stroker: here in this supposedly liberated culture we are, in our way, as hidebound and puritanical as ever. We are told from an early age that our bodies are evil things, mechanisms to be controlled and censored. Those of us who would obtain purity, we are taught, should copy those who have already obtained it. From church and synagogue and mosque, the message is remarkably similar: religion remains unsexed, unable to deal with sexuality, primarily opposed to any open discussion about it and filled — in its silences as well as its words — with grim sexual lectures.



In some ways, it doesn't matter. There is a life force in us that transcends all the dire threats and warnings of those who would set our moral standards, and most of us doodle our noodles in happy abandon from the moment we first discover the warmth such doodling can bring.

Nonetheless, the attempts to connect sex with guilt are enormous in our younger years. It's too bad we don't have somebody who can demand equal time and say to us, "Hey, kid, it's okay. Go ahead and beat your meat. Everybody does it. Really."

I was lucky. I discovered the pleasure of my company at a very early age, even before I had full-fledged erections, and I tickled myself whenever I could. Evidently the smile on my face gave me away, because shortly after my life's hobby began, an episcopal priest chased me down the stairs at the church where I sang in the choir.

"Ace! Ace!" the good Father's voice echoed in the stairwell, "I have to talk to you."

I didn't want to talk with him, and I kept running, but the bottom door was locked, and I was trapped. I was in my choirboy robes and I looked like an angelic little shit. Looks, as they say, are deceiving.

"Ace," the priest said, "I want you to take this crucifix and hang it above your bed. I want you to pray to Jesus every night. And I want you to learn not to abuse yourself.

"You're maturing very rapidly, and you must learn self-control. You know what I'm talking about, don't you?"

I was what? Eight? Nine? Something like that. But even at that age I was fascinated by the energy and strangeness of censorship: the priest's face was red and he rubbed my shoulder while he talked and there was a desperation in his warnings that I knew did not fit the so-called crime.

"Yes, I know, Father," I said, thinking that it would be better to admit it and get out of his clutches than to pretend total innocence.

Boy, has he got problems, I thought to myself.

I guess I still think that. I am not an irreligious man, but I have yet to find a religion that can acknowledge and incorporate all my energies into a way of living and being. Religious leaders and spokespeople seem desexed to me, soft and frightened and filled with forbidding messages about the life that flows through me.

Those who tell me that the carnal part of me is unspiritual are people who have their own problems, and I certainly hope they can work them out. But I am here to tell the gurus of East and West that my sexual life has been, in general, a great joy to me, a proof that the universe has its friendly moments in the pervading atmosphere of doom.

The Force that created sexuality was doing us a favor.

You know that Zen riddle, "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" After a lifetime of jerking off, I think I know the answer to that one.

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SHOWBIZ

A Chorus Line beats the odds, American Flyers meet hell in the West and nostalgia clogs the airwaves.

$600,000 QUESTION: Why did *A Chorus Line* open in independent cinemas in both Sydney and Melbourne instead of being showcased in one of the big cinema complexes? Could be the three major chains are still smarting over distributor CEL's decision to release Steve Martin's *All Of Me* on video while it was still on theatrical release. But as CEL point out, *All Of Me* had languished on the shelves for 10 months with negative exhibitor interest when they made their move. When it went into the cinemas it was too late for CEL to stop supplies to big department stores under their budget pricing policy and everyone was taken by surprise when it went through the roof. Noses had been put out of joint anyway by CEL's innovative marketing of certain video titles in the $19.95–$29.95 price bracket (although others have now jumped on the bandwagon). However, in view of CEL's assurances that it wouldn't happen again, the chains seem to have cut off their collective nose to spite their face, especially since *A Chorus Line* grossed $600,000 in the first month of its release even on 15 relatively minor screens. The likely outcome is that CEL will continue to develop this as an alternative circuit; the company has already spent $100,000 to renovate the Roma in Sydney's George Street as its showcase.

Playing Beatie Bow: what's worse, the madame or the snake.

REELING AND ROCKING: Film-maker **D.A. Pennebaker** is due to release a new **Jimi Hendrix** concert film, created out of unused footage left over from the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967. Pennebaker also hopes to use *Monterey Pop* off-cuts for an **Otis Redding** film. . . **Nils Lofgren**, who is doing an acoustic tour while the E Street band is on hold, says **The Boss** is toying with the idea of doing some club dates. Can you imagine, perhaps, a pub tour Down Under?. . . **Cyndi Lauper**'s long awaited second album is due in your record shop any second. . . Meanwhile **Ted Nugent**, on tour, has thought up a new stunt: an offer to buy Muzak for $US10m ($A15m). Calling Muzak "an evil force in today's society because it causes people to lapse into uncontrollable fits of blandness", Nugent hopes to put the enterprise out of business. Westinghouse, Muzak's owner, turned the bid down, claiming it's worth more than $10m — to elevator companies, maybe.

•

NOSTALGIA OVERKILL: Those dreadful excesses of nostalgia you've been feeling lately have probably been caused by an overload of old TV themes which have been clogging the airwaves as DJs have been mining the album, *Television's Greatest Hits*, for goodies. The man responsible, **Steve Gottlieb**, spent a full year tracking down 65 examples of the sort of thing we hoped we'd never hear again but, surprise, surprise, it has proceeded to gross more than $US5m ($A7.5m) in America as the first self-distributed album to make the Billboard Top 100, where it has remained for six months. Needless to say, it has well and truly cracked the Top 10 in Australia, the home of US TV reruns, and you'll be pleased to know a follow-up is planned. Can hardly wait!

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies
by graham barry

Crocodile Dundee Paul Hogan doing his thing in NT and NY. No plot to speak of but a few good laughs. ♥♥♥

Down And Out In Beverly Hills A tramp overturns all those bourgeois values with hilarious results. ♥♥♥♥

For Love Alone Another Aussie classic translates to the screen with brilliant results and a new star, Helen Buday. ♥♥♥

F/X Bryan Brown makes it big in US faking a murder as special effects man who gave you *I Dismember Mama*. ♥♥

Hannah And Her Sisters Woody Allen dissects sibling love and sibling rivalry. Minor masterpiece. ♥♥♥♥

9½ Weeks Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger as sado-masochistic love duo. Butchered but still hot. ♥♥

Out Of Africa Arguably Meryl Streep's finest role as Karen Blixen in classic autobiography, but it sags. ♥♥♥

Playing Beatie Bow Classic Aussie kids' novel about a girl lost in time becomes much sexier on screen ♥♥♥

Pretty In Pink Stars Molly Ringwald but it could have been Sandra Dee. Will she get asked to the prom?! ♥

Runaway Train Heart-stopping excitement as Jon Voight busts out of jail on a driverless train to nowhere. ♥♥♥♥

Turtle Diary Ben *(Gandhi)* Kingsley and Glenda Jackson decide to free three giant turtles. Harold Pinter's dialogue says it all. ♥♥♥

Wetherby (Strange) Life In A Northern Town. David *(Plenty)* Hare's directorial debut with Vanessa Redgrave back in top form. ♥♥♥

Youngblood Rob Lowe is an appealing ice-hockey hopeful. Loads of undemanding fun and excitement. ♥♥

♥♥♥♥ Don't miss ♥♥ Worth a look
♥♥♥ Good show ♥ Forget it

Hell on wheels for the American Flyers.

HELL IN THE ROCKIES: After winning an Oscar for his first screenplay, *Breaking Away*, **Steve Tesich** had discovered bicycle racing creates irresistible excitement in the cinema. Commitments such as scripting *The World According To Garp* kept him away from the subject but he has returned to it with a vengeance in *American Flyers*, under the direction of **John** *(Saturday Night Fever)* **Badham**. The storyline verges on the melodramatic at times, with two brothers trying to rebuild their relationship, knowing they live under the threat of a hereditary and potentially fatal disease. But the action is just thrills galore as the pair team up to enter an incredibly gruelling three-day cycle race through the Rocky Mountains known as the Hell Of The West. It could mean stardom at last for **Kevin Kostner** as older brother Marcus. His career to date has included an important part in *Frances* which ended up on the cutting-room floor, the pivotal role of the suicide victim, Alex, in *The Big Chill* which was excised completely from the finished product, and a part in **Jon Voight**'s *Table For Five* which was whittled down to nearly nothing! **Tommy Chong**'s little girl, **Rae Dawn**, provides some nice love interest, but the real find may well turn out to be **Alexandra Paul** as the hitch-hiker who meets up with younger brother David, played by **David Grant**.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOM HAFEY

A candid conversation with the coach of the high-flying Sydney Swans about winning, almost winning and the future of Aussie rules as our national sport.

It is not too much of an exaggeration to describe football coach Tom Hafey as a living legend. He is one of the two most successful coaches in the history of VFL football and his long career reads like the script of an improbable soap opera, a script fleshed out with heroes and villains, triumphs and tragedies, and the agony and ecstasy of an unpretentious, honest man who has lived for football.

This year, his twentieth as a senior VFL coach, is a critical one for him and the future of Aussie rules. Hafey has left Melbourne and moved north to take over as coach of the beleaguered Sydney Swans, the first VFL team to be privately owned. Hafey's mentor is Sydney's flamboyant millionaire doctor Geoffrey Edelsten who, along with his connections, paid $6.3 million to gain control of the Sydney-based former South Melbourne club.

A nuggety, muscled fitness fanatic, the 54-year-old Canberra-born Hafey began his senior football career as a back pocket player with Richmond in 1953 in those long gone days when a team's players were nearly all local boys. A time when club loyalty was fierce and unswerving, and the game itself, despite an already long history dating from the 19th century, was by today's standards an amateurish and undeveloped sport played by half-fit enthusiasts.

The football of the '80s is a tenacious game of great power and speed played by highly trained professional athletes with all the benefits of modern sports technology and psychology at their fingertips. Today, with players' salaries alone running to millions of dollars, the game is conducted in an atmosphere of big business. Coaches and players are bought and sold with lawyers and managers conducting their affairs. Supreme Court actions settle player/club conflicts, restriction-of-trade laws are invoked and coaches, once secure in their tenure, must produce winning sides or else find themselves ruthlessly dumped.

In this milieu Hafey is both an asset and an anachronism. There is a kind of old-fashioned purity and simplicity about his approach to the game. Fitness, aggression, heart and commitment are the Hafey cornerstones. In the modern running game where handball and teamwork are paramount, he still values the long kick via the most direct route to the goals. But he has also absorbed and creatively utilised the newer football techniques and skills, and the dazzling early success of his highly paid players has proved the Swans under Hafey are suddenly a force to be reckoned with.

Hafey has the credentials to back up Dr Edelsten's choice of the veteran coach to steer the Sydney Swans toward a premiership, but his coaching career has had more than its share of drama over the past 20 years.

Hafey's move to Sydney to coach the Swans may be his greatest test. The club's last premiership was 53 years ago and it's nine years since they've been in the finals. Last year they finished 10th. However, with a huge injection of funds the Swans have recruited a formidable line-up, luring some of the game's best players away from other clubs.

Contributing editor ***Rennie Ellis,*** *a former footballer, has followed Hafey's career since his early coaching days at Richmond. Ellis reports: "Hafey's a responsive and astute subject to interview. Apart from a couple of blunt off-the-record comments on football personalities who have been less than discreet regarding Hafey, I found the coach generous in his opinions of others and not inclined to open*

RENNIE ELLIS/SCOOPIX

"To be honest my contract was probably as big as you could imagine compared to anything else I was ever offered. At 54 it's not as though I'm going to be in it for very much longer."

"Some clubs have gone broke trying to emulate the successful ones. The Swans are in that situation right now. We've got to ensure we don't run into the pitfalls. . ."

"A lot of people try and tell the coach how he should coach. People should stick to the jobs they know. I try and stay right out of politics, more so than any other coach."

up old wounds. As usual, teetotaller, non-smoking Hafey was wearing one of his well known T-shirts and his muscular body was testimony to the exacting daily fitness program that includes a 5.30am 8 km run and a dip in the ocean, along with 600 sit-ups and 300 push-ups. Hafey's dedication to fitness — his wife Maureen says even at 54 his body is his temple — has seen his involvement as a partner in the recently opened 220 hectare Bellbrae Health Resort near Torquay in Victoria. When Tom Hafey finally hangs up his football boots, and it's hard to imagine the game without him, he will be actively involved in health management at Bellbrae."

PLAYBOY: What sort of pressures are VFL coaches under today?

HAFEY: Well, of course, the game is much more professional now and coaches are under the magnifying glass a lot more. But then they're being paid more so it's only natural they're going to have to accept a lot of the responsibility if sides don't go well.

PLAYBOY: Some of the pressures placed on coaches must occur because of the political infighting and power struggles that go on in the backrooms of VFL clubs.

HAFEY: A coach will usually try and keep out of that. One of the problems is too many people get into areas where they're not experts, but probably think they are. This happens a lot in football clubs. And probably a lot of people try and tell the coach how he should coach. People should stick to the jobs they know. I try and stay right out of the politics, more so than any other coach.

PLAYBOY: How much blame can be laid at the feet of a coach if his team doesn't do well? How critical is his role to a team's success?

HAFEY: It's pretty difficult to win matches and especially premierships if you haven't got the basic talent. I think the role of the coach can be overplayed. You have to have the back-up with good recruiting and a committee that's behind you all the way through. A good coach can get a little bit more out of players. It's unfortunate that coaches are judged on the premierships they win instead of on how they went with the players available and the circumstances of the team. We've seen situations where good coaches couldn't get their side too far up the ladder because they didn't have the support or the players. And we've seen sides that have been successful no matter who was coaching them at the time.

PLAYBOY: Football has gone beyond being a sport. Now it's big business, costing millions of dollars to run, and some clubs are heavily in debt. Has football lost its way?

HAFEY: There's so much marketing and promotion going on now that it's the way things had to go. I know I used to enjoy it the way it was, when most of the players came from your area and you only had two or three recruits from interstate or other VFL clubs. One of the reasons some of the clubs have got themselves into so much trouble is because they felt they could buy a premiership and it doesn't always work that way. Some clubs have gone broke trying to emulate the successful ones. The Swans are in that situation right now. We've got to ensure we don't run into the pitfalls that some of the other clubs have. For instance, when we recruit from other clubs and pay out big money to players, we've got to then make sure we update our payments to the other boys who we've already got on contract because contracts run out and, if we haven't looked after the boy, it's only natural that he's going to be interested in moving on. It sticks in his craw that he's been playing for $15-20,000 and someone else has walked in and got seventy, eighty or ninety thousand dollars a year.

PLAYBOY: After you left Geelong you said it was hard to get players to sign a contract for more than a year because if they had a good season they knew they could ask for more the following year.

Unfortunately there are a few mercenaries in the game today who are only thinking about what they can get out of football, not what they can put in.

HAFEY: That's true. But you can't blame the boy. You've got to be realistic. You can't talk about loyalties or anything like that because they know it's big business and there are mouths to feed. It's a professional sport and you're only in it for a short time. I understand that part of a player's thinking. I have to laugh at people who say it's something new that's come in. We saw it back in the late '30s and early '40s when a stack of the big star names of League football transferred to the Association because they could do so without a clearance and they were getting three and four times as much as they were earning in the League. People have never brought that up!

PLAYBOY: Then what's the premium on club loyalty today?

HAFEY: I think you've got to be loyal to the people you work for, to the team that employs you.

PLAYBOY: You've always been the sort of coach to whom team morale and spirit are important keys to a club's success. Surely those qualities are harder to find now because of the pull of the big money?

HAFEY: That's probably true. And unfortunately there are a few mercenaries in the game today who are only thinking about what they can get out of football instead of what they can put in. I really believe you can't blame the boy for tough negotiating, even if he's got a manager or a solicitor doing the job for him. But we've just got to be aware that once he does sign the dotted line, that's when he's got to give his all and be very loyal and supportive.

PLAYBOY: You're on record back in '84 as saying you thought it was wrong some players were paid the same sort of salary as the prime minister or a state premier. Do you still feel that way?

HAFEY: Ah. . . yes. It does seem strange, particularly when we've got sponsors and donors and marketing managers and fund raisers who we need to raise the money to pay these footballers. It's not as though the money comes through the gate. As a rule, professional sportsmen are paid by the gate receipts. Look at a boxer, for instance. In our game most clubs have only been able to survive because of the good nature of some of the people who put money in and others who work like crazy.

PLAYBOY: What's the average VFL player getting today?

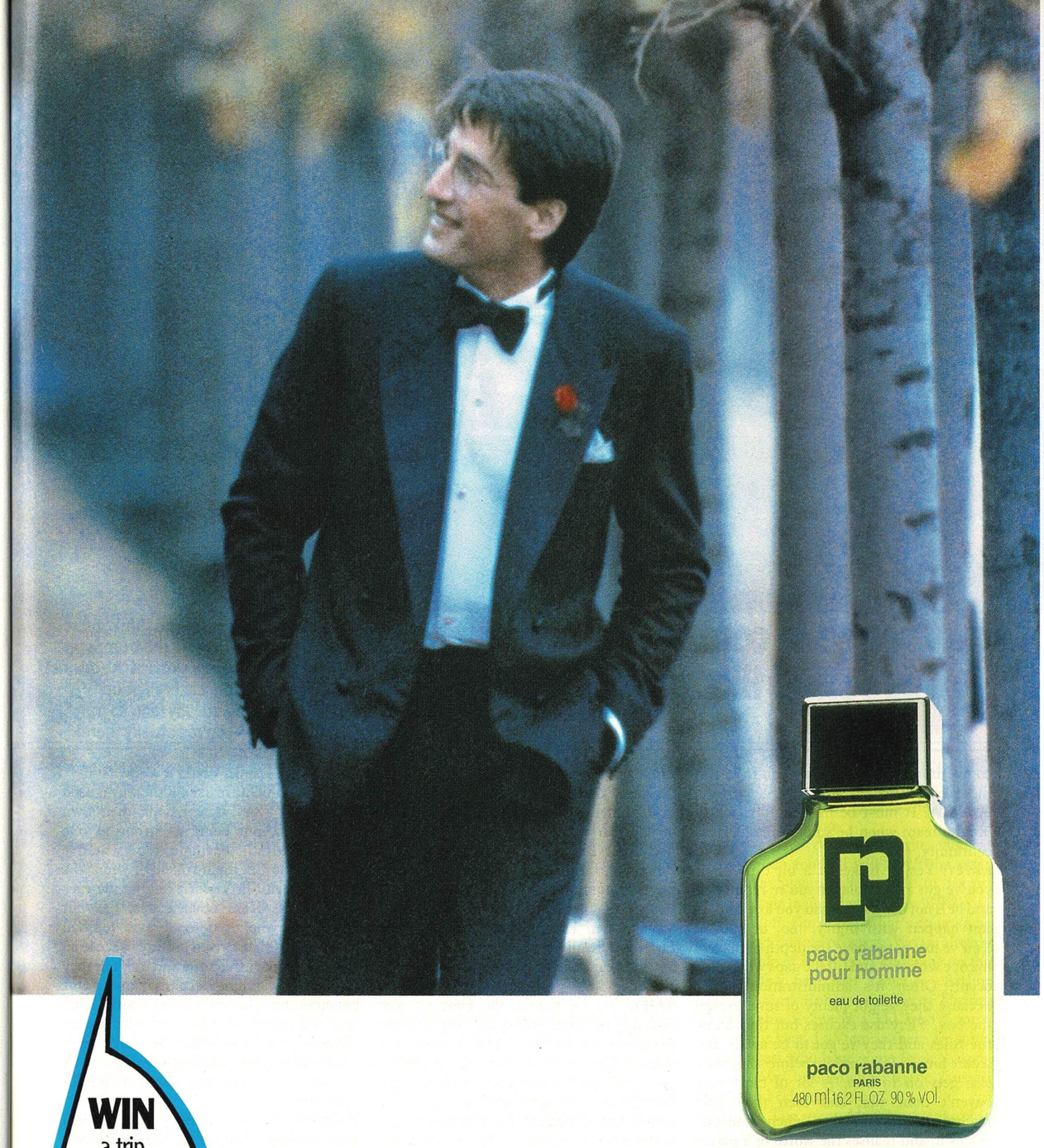
HAFEY: It's hard to find out, really. I try and keep out of all that. But obviously there are players on contracts of $100,000 plus. And there are other boys just breaking into it who would finish up with $20-30,000 a year. The top player is getting four and five times as much as the bottom player gets. I think official match payments are $100 a game for reserves and $500 for a senior game. So if a boy from the country was to come down and break into a side unexpectedly he could probably look at getting about $15,000 for the year if he was to play practically every game. But the following year he'd probably be put on a contract which might then take him up to the 25 or 30,000 mark, unless some other club is chasing him. And that's what often happens; someone else will see how well he's gone and make him a big offer and the club which has him has to match that offer or let him go.

PLAYBOY: Is this sort of poaching illegal according to VFL rules?

HAFEY: No. If he's not contracted, he's up for grabs.

PLAYBOY: After you left Geelong you said the club had gone about as far as it could on a shoestring budget. If that was the case, then how important is money to the success of a club? Are the richest clubs always going to win the premierships?

HAFEY: Clubs have to get out and recruit. You can only get players from your zoned area within the state, but in professional football the leading clubs are going to be looking for players all over Australia. This costs money. I would love it if the whole 12 clubs agreed to field teams made up only of players from their home zone in Victoria. But of course they won't; they get out and recruit, and if you don't do what your



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competitors are doing, then you're not in the race.

PLAYBOY: It must be hard for a coach to build a team when he's not sure of player continuity.

HAFEY: Yes, it makes it a bit difficult if you've got a good player you're relying on and he's not contracted and you lose him. It can happen with injury, too, of course. You've just got to have the depth of players to cope with this and fill the gaps when they occur. Often it's administration's fault because they've got plenty of time to sign the boy. They use excuses but they know the rules and they've got to be aware and secure him and update him before somebody else gets on to him. A lot of clubs just haven't done that and then they start bitching and screaming when someone comes in and realises the worth of a player and makes him an offer and the original club has trouble holding him.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the time has arrived for footballers to be full-time professionals?

HAFEY: I don't think so. I know a lot of them are and they're earning the sort of money to allow them to be. But in our particular sport, because you only play once a week, with the occasional midweek night game, there would be too much free time. I like the boys to be working.

PLAYBOY: How many Swans players are full-time professionals?

HAFEY: We've got seven players going round in the schools. So they are professionals in a sense because, apart from playing, their job is promotions and development. Maybe the whole squad of 40 or 50 players could do that under something like the NSW Development Scheme or Powerplay but it would be difficult to find positions for that many players.

PLAYBOY: What made you join the Sydney Swans when Richmond, Melbourne and Fitzroy were all putting out feelers? Was it the five year contract at a reputed $100,000 a year?

HAFEY: To be honest the contract was probably as big as you could ever imagine compared to anything else I was ever offered. I had to think of my age. At 54 it's not as though I'm going to be in it for very much longer. I've never made a great deal of money out of football, not that money has been a motivating force. I do love the game. But I saw it as a terrific contract which would set me up for the rest of my life, and the Swans are a real challenge. The very fact that it's possibly the start of a national competition of our great game. It's the only game we invented. We've copied everybody else in everything all over the world. I feel it's a crying shame that it's not a true national game and we don't have a proper Sheffield Shield competition similar to cricket. There's room for all codes but we should push this great game of ours and I think the Swans is the first step toward a national competition.

PLAYBOY: You're obviously keen on the idea of a national league. Could it work?

HAFEY: I would have liked it the way it used to be with every state having their own competition, but being as strong as one another and still having a representative side like the Sheffield Shield. I think the way we recruit in Victoria, taking the very best players from other states, has put people off who used to be avid football followers but have given it away because all their stars were in Victoria and they felt they were only watching seconds games. Our payments have lured them to Victoria. That bugs me a bit; I'm sure in Victoria there are enough good footballers to have very competitive teams without having to do all this interstate recruiting which diminishes other states.

PLAYBOY: If there were a true national league along the lines of the National Soccer League, would Melbourne lose some teams? Ron Barassi has said it's too much to expect one city to support 12 professional clubs.

HAFEY: There's no doubt a national league would mean the end of some VFL clubs. In the next year or so there's going to be an amalgamation of some clubs irrespective of whether or not there's a national league. That's my personal opinion. Incidentally I feel if the Swans aren't successful in the next three years there will be very little hope of getting a national league off the ground. Victoria might even send a floundering team off to Brisbane to be rescued like the Swans were.

PLAYBOY: Dr Edelsten says not only do the Swans have to be competitive but they have to *win* and they haven't got five years to wait. That must put big pressures on you.

HAFEY: Yes, it certainly does, but that's a fact of life. I took the job knowing that. We can't afford to go on the way we were going, where they tried so damn hard, were up near the lead all day long, but eventually got beaten on the score of ability, not on the score of spirit or determination, because they had plenty of that. But the Swans just lost player after player over the years because they were lured away in the prime of their football lives by other league clubs. Probably because the boys didn't want to live in Sydney and the Swans didn't have the money to retain them. Things have changed now that the Doctor and his group have come along and injected money into the club.

PLAYBOY: Now the Swans are being criticised for *luring* players away from other VFL clubs. With the new money and support the situation has been reversed.

HAFEY: Yes, that criticism bugs me a bit because the other clubs have been doing it to the Swans for the past five years. I remember when I was at Geelong and the administration came to me to say we'd got a chance of getting Greg Smith from the Swans and what did I think of him. Well, he was a player I really thought a lot of and I knew him personally and he would have been exactly what we needed, a strong on-the-ball player. But because he was from the Swans I said I didn't want to be part of pinching players from the Swans as I could see their plight. So they didn't even speak to Greg Smith because of what the coach had to say.

PLAYBOY: Do you think private ownership is the solution to clubs' financial problems? Some clubs are losing a heap of money.

HAFEY: Yes, I can see it, especially if it's successful in Sydney. I can't see why private ownership shouldn't take over clubs, particularly to get them out of the hole they've got themselves into. It's been ridiculous the way administration and committees have spent money which they haven't had. I did like it the way it was, of course, but if the Doctor hadn't come to the rescue there wouldn't have been a Swans in 1986.

PLAYBOY: It's said that rugby league is a doomed sport because it's getting so violent that many parents won't allow their kids to play. Meanwhile, soccer is making big inroads into NSW so what role do you see for Australian football in that state?

HAFEY: I'm told that rugby league in Sydney is the strongest, toughest and most professional competition in the world. As regards our game, it has a good future in NSW. There is good promotion and if we have success, the game will be helped along. But there is room for all codes. I'm a great advocate for a healthy, fit lifestyle with everybody participating in sport. When that happens we'll be pulling jails down instead of building new ones. That's the gospel I preach wherever I go.

PLAYBOY: When do you think the standard of Australian football will reach the stage where the Swans will be able to recruit some of their major players from NSW?

HAFEY: Well, I'm hoping that's going to be in the next couple of years. We've already got a couple of NSW boys knocking on the door. A few have had games — Arthur Chilcott, Mark Roberts and Terry Thripp. Young John Evans is a kid who's got a chance this year. In Victoria there are some good players who have come from Sydney — Mark McClure, Michael Byrne, Russell Morris and Glenn Coleman.

PLAYBOY: The great Alex Jesaulenko was from Canberra.

HAFEY: Yes, and so is Mickey Conlan. Actually right now there are three captains of VFL teams who have come from NSW — Dennis Carroll, Anthony Daniher and Mark McClure.

PLAYBOY: How does the competition work in NSW?

HAFEY: There is a major Sydney league and there are also about 13 country leagues in NSW. We are hoping the whole state will become a Swans recruiting zone.

PLAYBOY: So it's essential to win the hearts and minds of NSW sports fans and get them to turn up at the games.

HAFEY: We're doing everything in our

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power to do that. We're getting good publicity but I tell my players not to get upset if they don't get the same attention as they would in Melbourne. Sydney is a very rugby-oriented city where the game's been played for 100 years. We'll eventually get there by chipping away, by being successful so that people will start relating to the Swans as a Sydney team.

PLAYBOY: What sort of crowds do you need to get for your home games to indicate you're having a real impact on Sydney?

HAFEY: It would be fantastic if we could keep on filling the ground. I think 31,000 went to see North Melbourne play Hawthorn in Sydney a few years ago. Apparently last year the attendances dropped to an average of about 10 or 11,000, which is most disappointing. I think the Doctor is expecting to have an average of 20,000 this year and that's about what we've done so far. But if we have a Sydney team beating top Melbourne teams regularly you can never tell what might happen. The city does have a population of 3.5 million. Also, about 280,000 Victorians live in Sydney. Success will bring those people through the turnstiles.

PLAYBOY: At the start of the season there was some confusion as to who actually owns the Swans. Who's your boss — Dr Edelsten, Bob Pritchard of Powerplay or Philip Grimaldi of Westeq?

HAFEY: I think the players were probably pleased to find out there was a group of influential people behind the whole thing instead of just one man. The Doctor is the major one we all hear about.

PLAYBOY: Well, who do you answer to?

HAFEY: I haven't even thought of that. I'll liaise with the general manager who'll probably get instructions from the actual owners which would probably be Westeq which means the Doctor. I'm not quite certain.

PLAYBOY: The nature and style of your boss or bosses, and what the press has to say about them, must have some effect on you and the team.

HAFEY: Look, the Doctor has been the salvation of the Swans. There wouldn't be any Swans without him.

PLAYBOY: But Bob Pritchard has been reported as saying Geoff Edelsten is a problem and his role should be downplayed.

HAFEY: I know you're referring to the article in the *Sydney Morning Herald*'s *Good Weekend* at the start of the season. Everyone was concerned about that article but actually I think it brought everybody closer together and made them have a good look at themselves.

PLAYBOY: As a coach you've been known to encourage your players to rough up the opposition, to be aggressive, to hit them hard. In fact the tribunal once criticised you for advising your players to "claim" a North Melbourne player "at any cost". How far should you go on the field in terms of physical violence?

HAFEY: Well, I think the players have got to keep the ball in sight and play hard. But I'm always at fellas who raise their elbows when they hit a body. You've got to do it fairly. It's stupid to hit a player and be penalised. There's no odds on reported players. Grand finals have been lost because of unavailability of suspended players. We just can't afford to have players sitting in the grandstand when they should be on the field. I say, be aggressive within the rules, play a fierce body contact game but fairly and squarely.

PLAYBOY: Would you condone taking an opposition player out of the game by physical means?

HAFEY: Only by fair means. By putting extreme pressure on them, by bumping them hard when the opportunity comes up, but I don't believe in brutalising a player.

PLAYBOY: At Geelong you were a great supporter of Mark Jackson who was a good player with an average of four goals a game. But he was seen as a "hit man", as indicated by his many suspensions. When you insisted he play in the second last match last year — his first game after several weeks' suspension and a critical game for getting Geelong into the finals — he played badly and Geelong lost. Do you think that decision influenced the Geelong committee to get rid of you as coach?

HAFEY: Oh, that's possible, but at the time it was a unanimous decision by the selection committee to play him. That's something that was never publicised. It didn't work out well and we lost that match but unfortunately Mark was made a scapegoat for our loss, and that was unfair.

PLAYBOY: How important is it to have someone like that in your team who excels in physical intimidation?

HAFEY: I think it's good to have players who make their presence felt by being able to hurt other players by body contact but I hadn't thought of Mark as being one of them. We talked about his antics and I was never worried about them because he only performed when the ball was in the crowd or up the other end. When the ball was to be won in his area he was concentrating probably harder than anyone in the team. He has a good football brain. There's probably only two other players in the history of the game who averaged four or more goals a match over their whole career and that's John Coleman and Peter Hudson, two of the great goal kickers. So that speaks volumes about Mark Jackson.

PLAYBOY: You've had your ups and downs as a coach. Lack of committee support made you resign from Richmond even though with four flags you were their most successful coach. In 1982 you were sacked by Collingwood in the middle of the season even though you'd taken the Magpies into four grand finals in five years and then there was the railroading at Geelong. You must have gone through some periods of acute disillusionment. Have you ever felt like packing it in completely?

HAFEY: Yes, I think it's fair enough to say that. There are times when you get so disappointed with the way things are going. Lack of support is what bugs me more than anything. I never worry about the criticisms in the paper. You're always going to get that. It hurts me more when it comes from within the club — people who should know better. I keep on preaching that everyone has got to be 100 percent behind the coach during the course of the year. If it's not working out you look at it at the end of the season and then make alterations. But during the year you've only got to get a few people white-anting and you'll find that people who aren't playing well at that particular time will use anything as an excuse for their own shortcomings.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you lost the players' support at Collingwood? Was it because you refused to address them at the 1981 grand final night dinner because you said you were too ashamed of their losing performance?

HAFEY: It could have been that. I didn't think I lost the players' support completely. You'll always find a couple of players who don't agree with you, who don't even like you if it comes to a point. But in the main I've been pretty lucky that I've had terrific player support, including at Collingwood. I was there five years. We were runners up four times including a drawn grand final and losing another one by less than a goal. And the other year we were third.

PLAYBOY: You'd think just on percentages you'd have won one of those grand finals. Why do you think you lost them all?

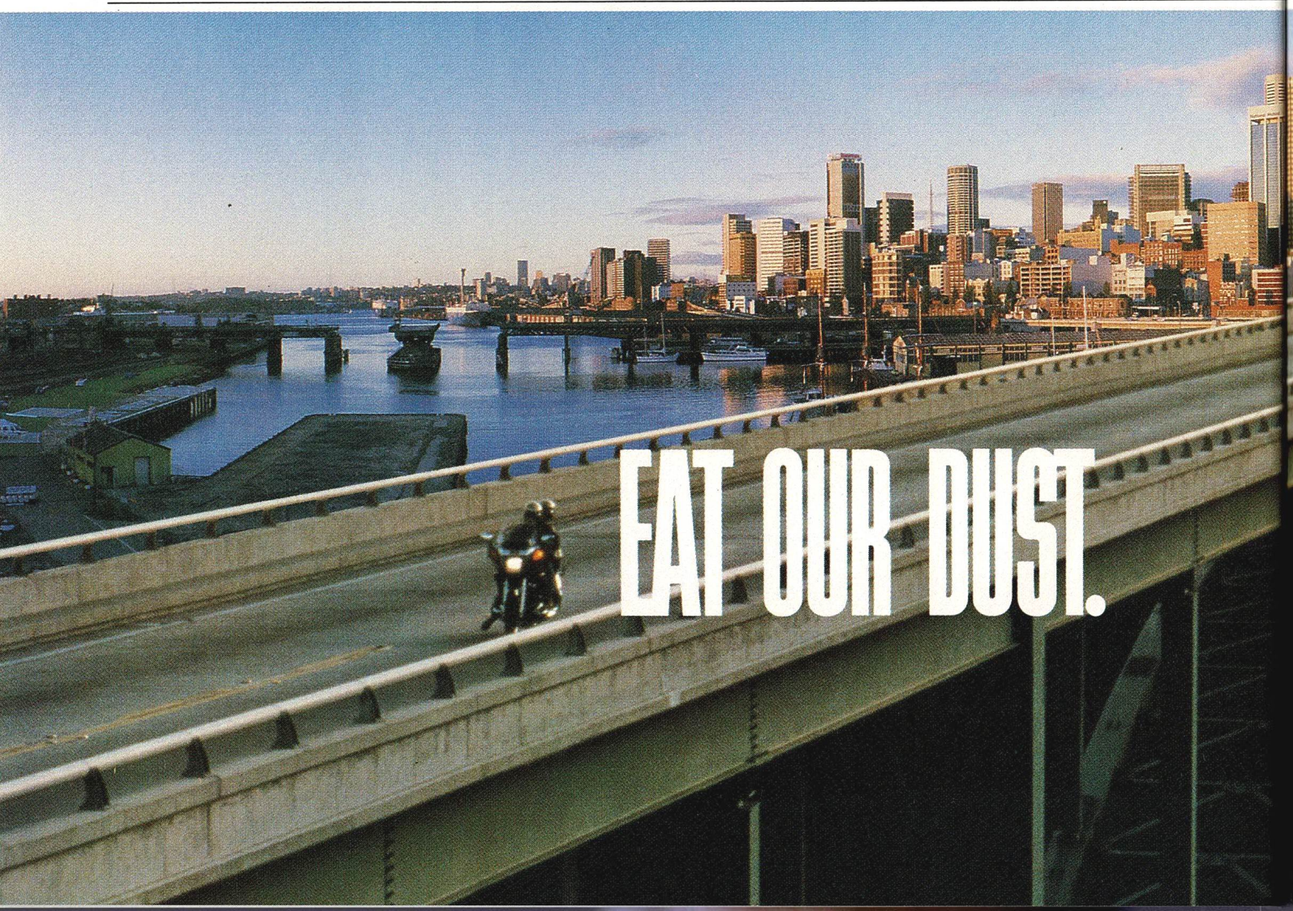
HAFEY: Well, we were never favorites to win any of them, that's what people forget. I'd have been more disappointed if we had been so far in front of the other teams at the end of the season and we were the favorites and then we didn't win. I think the players gave their all but when it got down to the nitty-gritty the other sides were maybe a little bit more talented in some way. We probably got the best out of our players but it just wasn't good enough. One of the great disappointments of my life was at Richmond in 1972. We were the favorite team. We'd beaten Carlton so often throughout the year yet they beat us in the Grand Final. That really hurt.

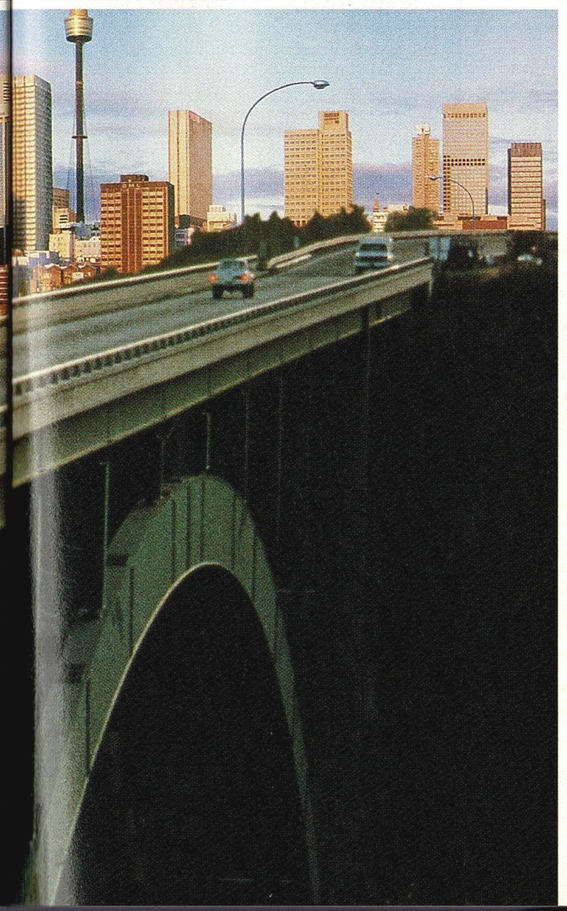
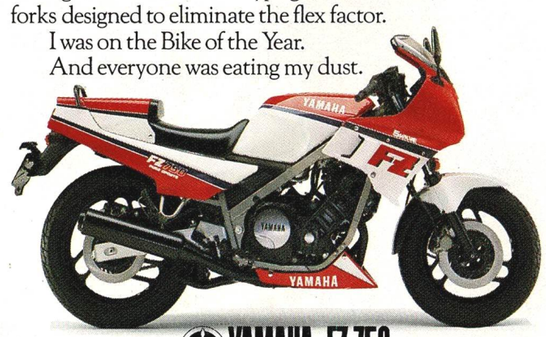
PLAYBOY: Why did Collingwood make the unprecedented move of firing you mid-season in 1982?

HAFEY: Oh well. . . that's the way it worked out. I was disappointed they didn't stick with me. There were innuendos in the paper but whether they came from certain elements in the players or the committee, I'm not quite certain.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that when they called you into the office you thought it was to tell you exactly the opposite, that you had the committee's support?

HAFEY: Yes, I did. I got a real surprise, because they knew I'd knocked back




Storytellers call it the "Witching Hour."
Back in medieval times this was the hour of night that was the blackest and most evil.
This is my favourite time to ride. Not another soul for miles.
It's like flying through a black velvet tunnel. Except no tunnel ever heard five valves per cylinder before.
But this was no ordinary bike though.
It was the Bike of the Year, my new Yamaha FZ750.
For those of you who don't know about it yet, the 750 chewed up the opposition and spat them out from the Surfers 3-Hour to the Castrol 6-Hour and the brutal Denso 500.
The same chassis that carried them to the winners' circle was carrying me. It's a Grand Prix design, a wide cradle thing with twin loops fabricated in flex resistant box sectional steel tubing. With De Carbon type gas/oil rear shock and front forks designed to eliminate the flex factor.
I was on the Bike of the Year.
And everyone was eating my dust.


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tremendous offers from other League clubs. I never had a real signed contract, just a handshake. And the offers were massive at the time, much more than double what I was getting at Collingwood, but I knocked them back because I didn't think it was the right thing to do. I felt I had principles I was preaching and I had to obey them myself.

PLAYBOY: Who are your heroes?

HAFEY: Bob Hawke. Percy Cerutty. In football I'm a great wrap for a lot of people. Bruce Doull, Robbie Flower, Don Scott in his time. Stacks of them. I've met so many lovely people in football. I was probably blessed with having those great boys at Richmond. I don't like to mention a few because I'll miss out on a lot of others. Obviously Kevin Bartlett, Kevin Sheedy and Kevin Morris are three of my very best friends and always will be. It's great to know that 12 or 13 of them have coached other League clubs. A lot of the time when we've been playing against one another I'm likely to go back to their places for dinner after the match. A bit hard after you've had a bad defeat, of course, but I really work hard at keeping friends.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be a well loved coach with a lot of public support. Even when you've left teams and later appeared in their grounds as an opposition coach, the crowds have given you a tremendous reception.

HAFEY: That's true. I just feel that they accept me as a hard working person in football who's loyal to the club I'm at. I think they realise I'm not in the political and administration area. After I got sacked from Collingwood I got over 1000 letters from fans, which was fantastic. Thirty-three of the players contacted me. Some of the staff were practically crying. Those things are really touching.

PLAYBOY: What are the qualities you most admire in a footballer?

HAFEY: I think honest effort. I love fellas who just give their best all the time. I'm crook on takers. I love people who can rise up and do well even when they're lacking in certain areas of skill but refuse to let that hold them back. The kind of players who are just so determined to get the best out of themselves.

PLAYBOY: Would you choose a player of lesser skills who you knew would put in 100 minutes of do-or-die football over a player who maybe was more talented but didn't have the same dedication and determination?

HAFEY: Oh, yes, I think most coaches would do that. Unless the other fella is a long way better than the gutsy one. But when it comes down to a line ball the fella who will always get into the coach's team is the one who gives and gives and gives even though he may be down in the skill area.

PLAYBOY: How do you motivate your players?

HAFEY: Well, we work on their minds during the week about who we're playing, what they've got to do. We keep reminding them of the importance of the occasion, of putting all their thoughts and efforts into getting the best out of themselves and we're always talking about having pride in their performance and not being satisfied with what they've already done. And also analysing their game and working out playing plans. I like to keep in touch with them and give them feedback on how they've done.

PLAYBOY: How long do you think a coach can remain effective at one club given the pressures of modern football?

HAFEY: Well, Sheeds [*Kevin Sheedy*] has been at Essendon for five or six years and no one would think of replacing him. It's taken him a while to get them to the pitch they're at now. It all depends if you're winning matches, particularly when you start coaching a team.

PLAYBOY: There was a time at Collingwood, just before they gave you the flick, when it was suggested you'd lost the support of some of the players. Ray Shaw said after he'd left that he felt you were getting stale, that you weren't changing your ideas in tune with modern football. What's your response to that?

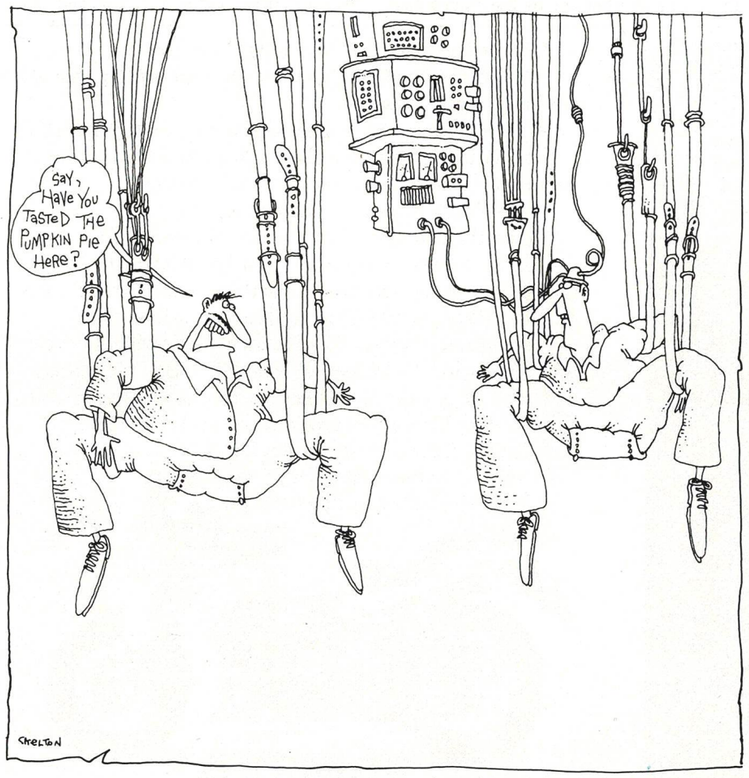
HAFEY: I don't really want this to be too controversial so I won't comment on that bloke. But we do have to continually change our ideas and update. Maybe even change the personnel around us.

PLAYBOY: You're an advocate of the sort of play where you get the ball under pressure and use a direct game with long kicking, while David Parkin and Ron Barassi brought in the running game where you open it up with lots of handball. Have your attitudes changed because of this?

HAFEY: Oh yes. No two ways about that. I'm still steadfast in my belief that you've got to kick the ball long and direct, but yes, the handball: to give you an example, when I first came to Richmond we probably averaged 20 hand passes a game. In the successful years we were probably averaging 65 to 70 hand passes a game. But now successful sides are averaging 100 to 110 per game.

PLAYBOY: Whare are your major abilities and virtues as a coach?

HAFEY: I think just being honest with the players. I think I've got a pretty good understanding of the game. Other people may not agree. Understanding the play. . . I like to let players settle down in their positions in a game. You've got to know your players. I don't like switching them all over the place like some coaches have done in recent times. I think if a fella is being beaten he should be given the opportunity to fight his way out of it. Many champions have been knocked over in the first or second round, then got up to win the bloody world championship!



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While you're worrying about Melbourne's Russell St explosions, consider. . . this is what it's like on the world's busiest bomb squad.

TICK...
TICK...
TICK...

IT BEGINS ON a hot August morning with a dark-haired mustachioed man in an orange 10-year-old Opel Rekord sedan, driving nervously through downtown Jerusalem looking for a place to park.

He frequently checks the time and as the minutes pass his perspiration has nothing to do with the morning sun. He turns on to a side street that serves as a parking lot and a pedestrian shortcut from a poor residential neighborhood to the downtown commercial district.

To his east, on the right, casting a deep shadow over the parking lot, is the tallest building in town: the 19-storey City Tower, an eyesore of dark glass and shiny marble in a city of rough-cut limestone, arches and wrought iron.

On the western side of the street, a public medical clinic has not yet opened for business, and about a dozen people — an elderly couple supporting each other, two young mothers with babies, some bandaged youngsters — mill about on the steps. Trucks are lined up on the department store loading platform next to the City Tower building.

He glances at his watch one more time, and then looks around. In the cracked rear-view mirror he sees no vehicles behind him. There's an empty parking space, but as he

Article by
ROBERT ROSENBERG

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY WIDENER

starts to back into it his foot slips off the clutch, stalling the engine. He jerks his head in birdlike motions in all directions, sure that he's being watched. The street is still quiet and there are no cars backed up behind him yet. For a moment he sits there, thinking and sweating.

Then, his eyes closed as tightly as possible, his body tensed with fear, he slides his hand into the sloppy wiring beneath the dashboard of the car, and flips a jury-rigged switch.

Nothing happens. He's relieved. And knows that, if all goes well, in exactly one hour he'll be a hero to his comrades.

In one smooth motion the man takes the keys and opens the door, leaving the car as it is, parked halfway into the empty slot, with the door open.

At first he walks fast, not glancing back. But after turning once, to look at the car, he begins to run, at first a jog, then a sprint, finally a dash.

Passing a construction site a block away he throws the keys over the fence, deep into the pit. Within two minutes he has become one of the hundreds of morning shoppers crowding the alleyways of Mahane Yehuda, Jerusalem's open market, five blocks from where the orange sedan has begun to block traffic.

It's 9.03 am, according to an old but accurate Bulova watch connected by wires to three boxes full of explosives in the boot of the car left behind.

●

Suspicious vehicles and objects are not unusual in Jerusalem. In the terror-conscious Holy City, the citizenry's alertness keeps the bomb squad, whose experts are called sappers, busy answering upwards of 25 calls a day to check out suspicious packages or cars.

Since 1967, when Jerusalem's reunification in the Six Day War made it the top target for Arab terrorism against Israel, some 70 people have died and more than 700 have been wounded by bombs there.

Two sappers have been killed, and half a dozen wounded. Hundreds of bombs have been defused, neutralised, dismantled and destroyed by sappers, who were notified by alert citizens who thought they'd seen something odd.

Somebody notices a battered jalopy parked too long or in the wrong place; a driver behaves in a bizarre fashion when he gets out of his car; a truck parked in a residential area draws the attention of an old lady with nothing to do other than notice strangers in her neighborhood. Blue licence plates indicating the vehicle is from the Arab West Bank or Gaza, the territories Israel has controlled controversially since 1967, are often sufficient to provoke a telephone call to 100, the emergency police number, especially if the car is illegally parked.

For a Jerusalemite, the phrase *"shel mi zeh?"* — "whose is this?" — is a signal that perhaps that cardboard box in front of a kiosk or this abandoned briefcase beneath a table in a sidewalk cafe is a bomb.

An old refrigerator on a street corner draws attention. In the mid-'70s, 13 people were killed when a refrigerator full of explosives blew up in downtown Jerusalem. Since late 1979, bicycles have been suspect after one, its tubular frame packed with plastique, blew up in the midst of a popular sidewalk cafe in the outdoor Ben Yehuda mall, the downtown shopping centre. One person was killed and 36 wounded.

And since 1967 there have been six car bombs in Jerusalem, although only the first one, parked in the open market Mahane Yehuda *shuk* early in 1968, actually exploded. Twenty-two people were killed. More than 100 were wounded. All the other car bombs were discovered in time.

Car bombs are a particularly dangerous piece of business. The boot, back seat or undercarriage of the vehicle can be loaded with enough explosive to destroy several buildings and kill hundreds.

About 2200 kilos of explosives packed into a truck driven by a suicidal Shi'ite Moslem completely destroyed the Beirut headquarters of the US Marines, killed more than 200 US soldiers and put a serious chink in the Reagan administration's Lebanon policy.

That vehicle was driven into its target, and that's almost impossible to prevent. A parked car bomb can at least be treated. But car bombs are put together in such a way that the only tools the sapper can use to neutralise the device are his own hands or, at most, a knife.

●

Maishe, the chief of Jerusalem's band of sappers, is in the tiny office the sappers call "the cage", when the police walkie-talkie he carries with him everywhere squawks the first report of the suspicious car.

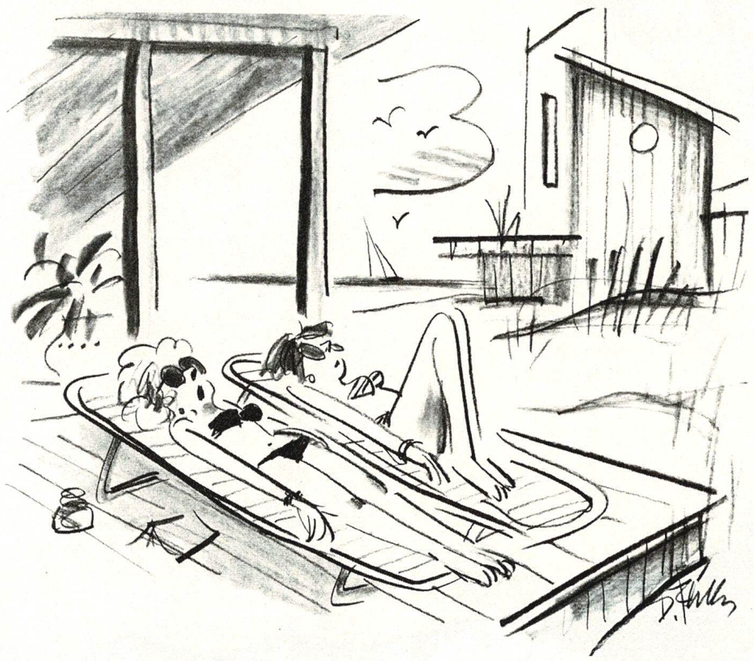
Despite the fact that there are several such calls a day in Jerusalem, this one gives Maishe the *feeling*, a sensation that tells him this call is different. Some of the men on the squad explain that the feeling occurs in the small of your back; others say it's the back of your neck or the palms of your hands. But for Maishe, it's between his legs, and when it's there he knows that soon he's going to sweat because life or death for him and possibly hundreds of other people will become a matter of his skills and nerves.

He crosses the narrow corridor between his office and the dispatchers' switchboard room, where half a dozen men and women handle incoming calls and send patrol cars and jeeps on their way.

Maishe is impatient during the agonisingly slow response from the main computer at national headquarters on whether the suspicious car is stolen. He's eager to be out on the street, looking forward to seeing the device and feeling the crowd behind the police lines, hundreds or thousands of people holding their breath for the few minutes of silence and tension in which the sapper works.

"I can't wait here," Maishe says to nobody in particular, "I'm going." The duty officer puts out the word to the patrol cars already on the scene that the sapper is on his way.

(continued on page 100)



"We're both strategically driven, so we're not ruling out the possibility of that igniting into love."

LIGHTS, CAMERA, AUSTIN!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA/RICHARD FEGLEY

Meet long-legged Lynne Austin, a real live blonde bombshell.

Lovely Lynne Austin hails from a town that she claims is so small that you can blink and miss it. And, what's more, she says she was nowhere near the prettiest girl in town. "I wasn't exactly the girl to be seen with," she told us. "You could have called me a little less than eye-catching. And my mother used to ask other mothers to have their boys take me out!" All we can say is that Lynne must be flourishing in a seaside climate. These days she lives at the beach and, believe us, her phone is running hot.

With no shortage of male attention during her busy days as a model and part-time actress, Lynne has become very discerning about men. "If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a guy who cheats," she says. "When it comes to men, I seek my own level. If you're looking for dirt, you'll find it." Lynne's vibrant personality and fun-lovin' approach to life are immediately apparent upon first encounter. She laughs a lot and loves to talk. "I like to flirt, too," she grins, "but when I do, it's usually just to make the bloke feel good."

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT McDOUGALL

WINE:

UNCORKING THE MYTHS

There's absolutely no need to be daunted by all those showy wine lists and posturing waiters.

WE'VE ALL BEEN through it. You've chosen a half-decent restaurant and everything seems to be going well until the waiter dumps the wine list in front of you. Not only does it seem to contain half a million entries, but you don't recognise any of them — red, white or sparkling.

You stumble along until you get to "House wine, carafe or ½ carafe. . ." Gratefully you choose it, but somehow you know matters should have been carried off with a little more

Article by
RICHARD BECKETT

style. There should be a proper bottle on the table with a label on it, instead of this wretched pressed glass creation from Taiwan, South Korea or God knows where, full of liquid which is probably going to be indifferent at best, and at worst, nowhere near as good as the stuff that came out of the cut-price cask that you knocked off with the boys at the barbie last Sunday arvo.

Don't worry: the fault isn't yours, it is Australia's.

Choosing a wine style in this country is probably more difficult than any other wine-drinking nation in the world. The reason is that although we have quite different wine regions producing quite different styles we blend anything that moves.

International wine scandals aside (and there have been more than a few of them, some involving cases of actual poisoning), other countries tend to deal in regions rather than blends.

So if you were dining out in, say, France and wanted a reasonable quality red wine to go with, say, a slice of rare beef rib off the trolley, you'd only have to remember one single word — Bordeaux — that would fit neatly on the back of your wrist.

You'd also know that unless the restaurant was a total rip-off joint — and they exist in any country — the price charged would correspond pretty nearly to the quality. You could dine without fear of being taken to the cleaners.

But in this country you'd need your whole bloody arm to get down all the information you wanted and even then you might not be much the wiser.

Don't believe me, believe the people who float on bottles all the time. In 1982, the internationally respected British wine critic and author, Hugh Johnson, said: "Another thing that baffles foreigners is the interstate blending tradition. Not that we know the difference between a South Australian wine and one from New South Wales, but we're accustomed in France and everywhere else to being told where a wine comes from."

Earlier this year a couple of our own people waded into the fray. Wine critic James Halliday stated: "One of the worst sins of Australian winemakers is to take advantage of the Pure Foods Act regulations which require the producer's name and address to be shown on the bottle, make no other statement on the matter, and rely on the consumer's inference that the wine is made from grapes grown by the producer and vintaged by him, when in fact no overt claim to that effect is made on the label."

And Canberra wine merchant Richard Farmer stated: "Blatant dishonesty in labelling wines so they appear to be from a sought-after region, when they are, in fact, fresh from the Riverland, does little for consumer confidence."

All this doesn't really help to solve the wine card problem but it does help you understand that you're not the only one in the restaurant attempting to work out what is going on.

The simplest thing to do is to keep a couple of big names in your head such as Penfolds, Lindemans, Hardy and Seppelts, to list but a few of them, all of whom aim for consistency in their products. That way you're not going to be disappointed because the styles of their quality wines remain consistent over the years.

Now one gets to the waiter presentation of the stuff. In any reasonable establishment the waiter is supposed to bring the bottle to the table and present it to you so you can indeed affirm that it is the brand you ordered. Nothing more and nothing less.

He or she then pulls the cork, hopefully without making a complete hash of it. Now although this seems like some sort of medieval ritual, there used to be a good reason for this part of the affair. In the not

(continued on page 96)

DUFFER'S GUIDE TO WINESPEAK

Balance: A wine is said to have *balance* if it has an agreeable bouquet (that is, it smells nice), has been matured long enough by the winemaker to knock off any rough edges and doesn't separate into its essential chemical components when being poured into your glass. A wine which catches on fire when being poured into a glass is said to be *out of balance* or ratshit (depending on the company).

Blackberry: The name of this berry fruit has been bandied about quite a lot in recent years to describe some of the wines of the Rutherglen region of Victoria. Good, aged Rutherglen reds are deemed to have a *strong blackberry finish on the after palate*. So are some of the reds from the newer area of Western Australia. It is a stupid observation that hopefully will soon be forgotten. After all, red wines are supposed to taste like red wines.

Body: Not an observation from a startled guest that he or she has just noticed a corpse floating around in the restaurant's bathtub along with all those plastic baggies of white wine, but a judgement that the wine is well made and has what is known as a *full finish*.

Cloudy: The opposite to *bright* (which means that the wine sparkles in the light). A cloudy wine has the texture and taste of ink. Something has gone seriously wrong. Drink the stuff at your peril.

Coarse: A very disagreeable wine that farted when the cork was removed from the bottle. If given a chance it will also tell a boring and smutty joke when poured into a glass. Throw the bastard out of the house immediately.

Corked: Nothing to do with a *corked leg*, as in the character-building sport of rugby league, and everything to do with the fact that the cork in the bottle has crumbled or started to rot, thus affecting the taste of the wine.

Elegant: Short for *piss-elegant* which is not supposed to be used in polite company. It means the wine is agreeable, from a fine vintage year, and that all its component parts have come together. Fatuous and boring arseholes at the table will say something like, "I just adored the flowery bouquet and when I had my first sip it was like opening up a rose garden. But I felt that it lacked a wee bit of something in its finish." Give the bastard's wine and dinner to the dog and lock him in the laundry for the rest of the night. One can put up with only so much.

Flowery: A term that has just been uttered by someone who is about to be locked in the laundry.

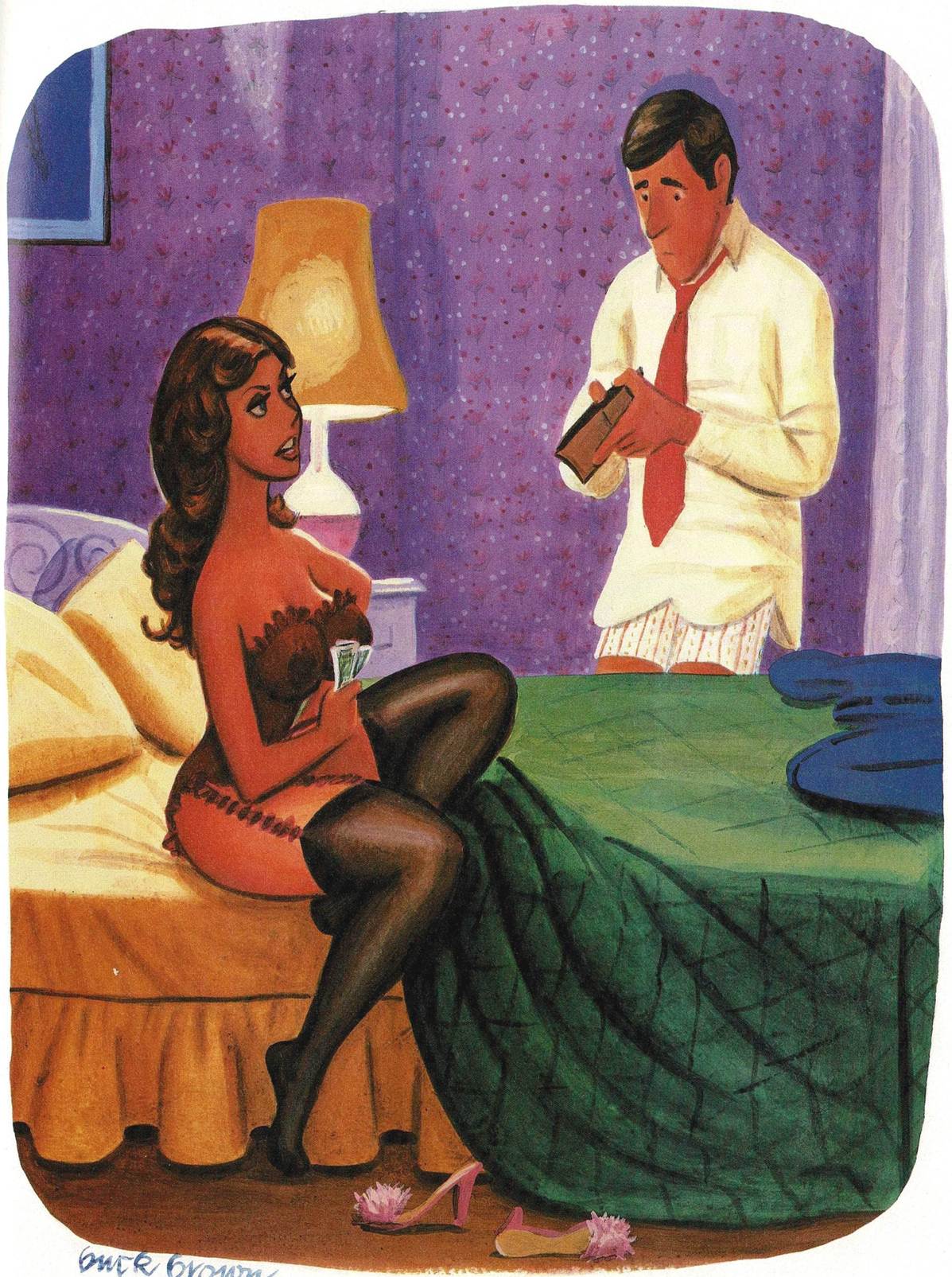
Fruity: The wine tastes as though it has a lot of grapes in it, which it is supposed to, given the pure food laws of this land. In other words the liquid in the bottle is not likely to turn itself into a sexual deviate.

Nose: Smells nice. But a wine that has a crook nose can be as rough as guts.

Palate: What everyone is supposed to taste with. In the case of wine and a number of other food and drinks, everyone is supposed to have a front, middle and back palate. Thus if you are pouring a lot of the red stuff down your cakehole in a great hurry you will miss quite a lot of this palate nonsense. With some wines this can be a distinct advantage, but with others it is a mistake. Sip slowly is the rule. This gives time for contemplation and wine appreciation.

Rope, ropy: The wine has not only passed its peak but is starting to go downhill rapidly. It has an off flavor that can be due to the fact it is starting to oxidise or that it was not well-made in the first place. Not worth drinking.

Rubbery: Normally used of young wines or those of no consequence which have not been well made. A sort of *blah* taste in the mouth after taking a glass of the stuff. Your legs at the end of an evening of convivial winetasting. Your mouth the next morning.



"You're trying to take something that's warm and beautiful and cheapen it — are you sure you don't have more money?"

PHOTO: AUSTRALIAN PICTURE LIBRARY

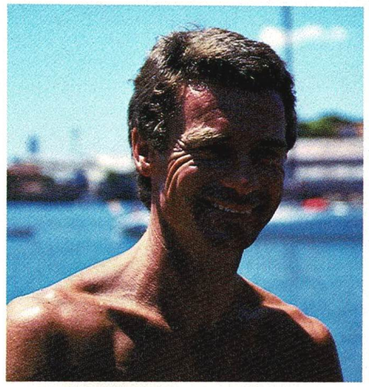
SOLO SAILORS

The BOC Single-handed Round The World Yacht Race is sailing's ultimate challenge. Phil Jarratt examines the loneliness of the long-distance yachtie.

IF JOHN BIDDLECOMBE leads the BOC Challenge fleet through Sydney Heads in December at the halfway mark in the Single-handed Round The World Yacht Race he may well allow himself the luxury of rocking the socks off his home town with a waterborne wall of sound. It would be pure "Biddles" if he were to go below on his mark two speed machine of a yacht, crank up a rhythm track on his Casio keyboard and then blow an alto sax lead through his on-deck speakers to wake the city's dead.

Together with yachtie-turned-builder-turned-millionaire-developer-turned-yachtie-again Ian Kiernan, Biddlecombe carries Australia's colors into the

Biddlecombe's original boat, the 18.2 metre ACI Crusader.



Solo yachtsman John Biddlecombe.

PHOTOS BY JANE HUMPHRIS/YACHTSHOTS

toughest, most demanding ocean race ever devised; and quite possibly the most exacting test of courage and human spirit ever to be called sport. The BOC (it stands for British Oxygen Corporation) Single-handed Round The World Yacht Race is a four-leg, eight-month endurance test across the most dangerous waters in the world, twice rounding capes that hide massive southern ocean swells as tall as buildings. Competitors start and finish in a blaze of glory at Newport, Rhode Island, but in between are 27,000 nautical miles of lonely, windswept nights at the tiller, with landfalls at only Capetown, Sydney and Rio de Janeiro.

It is difficult to imagine a sporting event that could be more challenging, but for John Biddlecombe it may seem almost anti-climactic.

His challenge began months before, on a warm autumn night in the South Pacific, just a few hours sailing west of the international dateline.

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The tremendous crack and sickening scrape that woke Biddlecombe from his first decent sleep in a week also cut across some of the most pleasant dreams he had experienced in a long time. The dreams of a solo sailor are fairly predictable, but in this case it was the figures in his log book rather than those in Australian PLAYBOY that had brought the somnolent smile to his lips.

In little more than a week's sailing he had averaged 250 nautical miles a day; his boat, the sleek 18.2 metre ACI *Crusader* had performed even better than expectations, and now, just after midnight, he stood some 40 miles south of the Tongan port of Nuku'Alofa, ready to complete his 2000 mile qualifier in amazingly quick time. In port he would be reunited with girlfriend Mary Brown and a crew who would join the *Crusader* for the trip to the American mainland. The first test was almost over and he had passed with flying colors.

Biddlecombe was a stranger to Tonga, so a few hours earlier, as he had neared its southern coast, he had radioed for a pilot to direct him into port. When no response came he decided to play it safe, to wait out the night well offshore. He checked his bearings again. He was more than 30 miles off the southern coast and heading directly for the notorious blow-holes in the coral reef. He adjusted his course safely westward so that he would miss the island of Tongatapu by some 20 miles if the wind unexpectedly picked up and his speed increased. He set automatic pilot, reduced his sailing speed to a minimum, set his alarm clock to blast him out of his bunk in an hour's time and closed his eyes.

The second the alarm began he was upright in the bunk and alert. He went on deck to find nothing had changed. Below he checked his readings. By running almost parallel to the coast some 30 miles offshore, it appeared he would maintain a position equidistant from port and have only a three-hour daylight sail in the morning. He reset his alarm and went happily to sleep, just as he had done four to six times a day since leaving Sydney.

Biddlecombe didn't know how much of the crack he had missed but the scrape was sickening enough. He knew instantly that something was terribly wrong. He heard a rush of water over the decks and realised that he must get topside in a hurry. He opened the hatch and tried to climb but a huge wave engulfed him and forced him back on to the cabin floor. For several seconds he lay dazed on the floor, between the satellite navigation system, the weather report printout and the state-of-the-art stereo system. It seemed he would die in the cabin of the slickest 60-footer ever built.

His second attempt to climb on deck was equally fruitless. Not only did the surge knock him backwards but the running water on the rails made it almost impossible for him to grip with bare hands and feet. With panic rising in him, Biddlecombe clawed at the leather covers his girlfriend had made for his "stateroom" sofa. He wrapped the leather around both feet, then fashioned mittens for his hands. He tried the steps again and this time held firm as a wave washed over the hatch.

On deck he was face to face with the solo sailor's nightmare. ACI *Crusader* straddled a reef some 300 metres offshore and three metre waves were slamming her against the coral at intervals of one to two minutes. Biddlecombe looked at his watch and he saw with crystal clarity what had happened. He had slept through the alarm for some two to three hours while the wind had picked up from the south-west quarter. His automatic pilot had adjusted for the change and had steered him directly on to the reef. It should never have happened but it had.

He wanted to scream but he also wanted to live, so he timed a lull, clambered to the bow and waited for the next huge wave to wash him inside the reef. When he finally surfaced above the whirlpool, he turned and momentarily trod water, watching his boat turn into matchwood. When he reached the beach Biddlecombe lay face down in the sand and cried until dawn.

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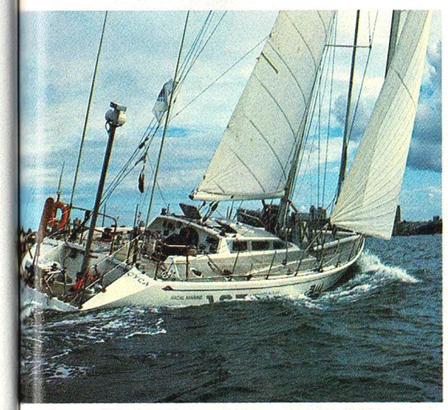
Fifty-seven solo yachtsmen have entered the race, although only about 40 are actually expected to front up for the start in Newport on August 31 and not one will be there for the money. BOC offers about $100,000 in money and prizes but almost every competitor, sponsored or not, will be spending his life savings to race. They will all be staring directly at the possibility that any or all of the boats may not return to Newport. Some will be splintered on reefs, others will retire hurt, never to race again. There is the distinct possibility that lives may be lost.

Single-handed ocean racing may not be as foolhardy as it was when the sport had its beginnings less than 20 years ago — in the first round-world solo event only one of three starters reached the finish line and the other two were later to suicide — but it is still no picnic, as John Biddlecombe's Tongan experience showed. When the BOC race was first run, in 1982-3, 17 yachts started but only 10 finished.

Since Joshua Slocum first sailed single-handed around the world in 1895-8, the feat has been achieved many times in many different craft, Sir Francis Chichester's brave circumnavigation being perhaps the most notable. But relatively frequent occurrence can't diminish in any way the extraordinary triumph of seamanship and courage that such a voyage embraces. And to do it against the clock! As John Biddlecombe says: "There is nothing more difficult than sailing around the world single-handed. To *race* around the world single-handed is even harder than that."

Five Australians set their sights on this year's BOC but at the time of writing it appeared that only Kiernan and Biddlecombe — in a second boat — would start. Neville Gosson, a 60-year-old builder and former footballer, was Australia's only entrant in the first BOC. He finished fourth and the NSW Government gave him a $10,000 grant to draw up plans for a second attempt in a Ben Lexcen-designed yacht. Gosson tucked a huge file of press clippings under his arm and went looking for sponsorship but, despite his impressive first-time result, it was not forthcoming.

Malcolm Jack, a 34-year-old Sydney osteopath, was the first to get his challenge boat, a modified Joe Adams 13, in the water last August but he, too, was unable to raise sponsorship funds. Don McIntyre, 31, seemed the most likely Australian entrant in Class Two. His boat, a Joe Adams design at the upper limit of the class, was completed in February and the $250,000 sponsorship he needed appeared to be just around the corner. McIntyre worked feverishly on his sponsorship proposals and presentations and mortgaged everything he owned but again he was forced to withdraw for lack of funds.



Kiernan's race entry, Spirit Of Sydney.

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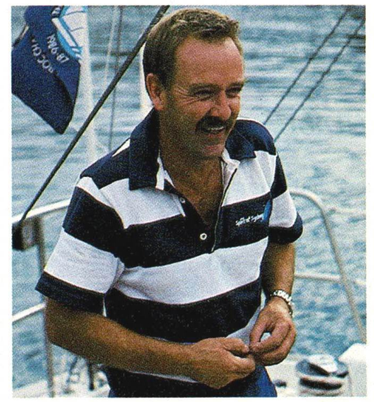
A dozen years ago, as the bottom fell out of the property development boom in Sydney, an Australian banker in London on business was asked: "How're things in your neck of the woods?"

"Just terrible," the man replied. "There's no credit and the speculators are panicking. Why, the other day one of our hotshot young developers went bust with a $20 million portfolio. He sailed out of Sydney for Rio the same day on a yacht with a solid gold keel."

The hotshot developer of the story — and it became part of the finance mythology of the 1970s — was Ian Kiernan. He can laugh at the absurdity of it now because he has spent a decade paying off his creditors and early next year he will sail the million dollar *Spirit Of Sydney* out the Heads bound for Rio. The keel won't be solid gold but it *will* be Ben Lexcen-designed, which is almost as good.

Born in Darlinghurst in inner Sydney, Kiernan learnt to sail Veejays at Watsons Bay. His uncle had run square-riggers and there was much seafaring blood on his mother's side, so he took to the sport with ease. At 11 he took the wheel of Peter Luke's *Wayfarer* on Sydney Harbor in the middle of a blow. Luke had sailed in the first Sydney-to-Hobart and his boat was a big, powerful racer. Once he had felt the surge of a real yacht with wind in her sails, Kiernan was hooked. As a teenager he sailed competitively on the Harbor and built dinghies and canoes in his backyard, but his mind was always on bigger things.

At 21, having served a building apprenticeship and with some money in his pocket for the first time, Kiernan tried to buy a yacht but the deal fell through when he couldn't organise finance quickly enough. He bit the bullet and stuck to smaller boats for a couple more years, but at 25 he began building a 30-footer in his backyard.



Yachtie-cum-developer Ian Kiernan.

Kiernan "sailed the hell out of that boat" and quickly became known around the waterfront as a good sailor and fierce competitor. He sailed past Mosman Bay one day after a race and spotted a Tasman Seabird yawl called *Maris*. It was everything he had ever wanted in a boat and he had to have it.

Kiernan put out feelers and discovered that the boat was owned by a yachtsman named Jack Earl who, when tracked down, reluctantly agreed that the boat was for sale. Earl was a master yachtsman in the traditional style and the two men got along so well that Kiernan made a deal: the terms of sale would be that Earl would teach the younger man to fly the yawl. Kiernan says now that those lessons — many of them voyages as far as Lord Howe Island two-handed — stood him in good stead for a career of ocean racing.

Back on land, Kiernan's career went from strength to strength. He had started his own building contracting business at 23 and soon after realised that the best arrangement was to be his own client. At the time the East Sydney vice wars were still raging all around his birthplace and he found he could pick up fire-bombed buildings for next to nothing. (In fact the offices of this magazine were once Kiernan-owned!) Says Kiernan: "I didn't want to end up an old builder with a crook back and I saw an opportunity to make good money doing up these fire-gutted places and selling them. An accountant I knew taught me a bit about gearing and pretty soon I had a string of properties being rented in Woolloomooloo and East Sydney. I had a policy that I wouldn't keep anything that wasn't bringing in 25 percent profit on investment, and with interest in those days around 6 or 7 percent, I was on a pretty good wicket."

The real money started to roll in when Kiernan was offered 50 percent equity in a huge home unit development in exchange for some of his properties. On paper he was suddenly a very rich young man so he bought an MGB to celebrate.

The bubble burst in 1974 when the people backing his home unit partners withdrew their support and the creditors came out of the woodwork. Kiernan had given personal guarantees for many of his loans and was in deep trouble. He refused to go bankrupt but when the receivers had worked out a plan of action, he did the only thing he could to maintain his sanity. He sailed out of Sydney Heads on the *Maris*.

"That was how the story started, of course," Kiernan explains, "but it was no midnight flit. Everyone knew where I was going and how to contact me. I just told the receivers, 'Look, I've been through hell. You can pull the wings off the fly, I'm off.'" He island-hopped in the Pacific for a year, living on $3000. At Christmas he found himself in Tahiti with no crew. One of his mates had a hernia and the other flew home to have a pin inserted in a broken leg. For the first time Kiernan considered the idea of sailing single-handed. In fact he found a crewman to sail on to Hawaii, but the seeds of an idea had been sown.

Back in Australia he worked on his single-handed skills and developed the *Maris* to race solo. In 1978 he won the over 10 metre division of the New Plymouth-Mooloolaba trans-Tasman solo race, coming from ninth to first in a frenetic burst in cyclonic conditions off Lord Howe Island. The following year he sailed up to San Francisco to compete in the trans-Pacific race to Hawaii, this time finishing fourth in class and 14th overall.

Kiernan's single-handed credentials were well established when he heard about the first BOC race, and he thought finding sponsorship would be little more than a formality. But single-handed racing was seen as a fringe sport in Australia, the province of maniacs and masochists. When he couldn't raise the money to build a new boat he considered competing in the *Maris*, even though she was 25 years old, but when he couldn't even raise the $50,000 needed to do that, he gave up and satisfied himself by

(continued on page 87)

From Club Sandwich To Club Paradise

What happens to a script on its way to becoming a Peter O'Toole movie? Almost everything.

Article by **DAVID STANDISH**

THANK GOD MOVIEMAKING is so slow and boring and repetitious. Otherwise it would be a *totally* enviable way to make a living: hanging out in the best places in the world, the adulation of total strangers, plus more zeroes at the end of paycheques than most of us manage to dream about.

As Peter O'Toole says, "I get paid the fabulous sums for the bloody waiting; the acting I do for the fun of it." Even when it's going well, moviemaking moves along at a pace of primordial ooze.

I'm standing on a beach a few miles from Port Antonio, Jamaica, watching Harold Ramis at work directing the filming of *Club Paradise*. It's midday in May, hotter than hell, humidity hanging like layers of lead plate.

The shot involves Cool Runnins, the Club Paradise bus, named for a rasta phrase meaning everything's going smoothly — which of course it *never* is at Club Paradise, this being a post-teen beach comedy starring Peter O'Toole, Robin Williams and Jimmy Cliff (his first movie since *Harder They Come*) and also featuring Twiggy, Adolph Caesar, Andrea Martin, Joanna Cassidy, and Brian Doyle Murray, who co-wrote the final script with Ramis. With an original soundtrack by Jimmy Cliff and a crossed-palm tree logo for the T-shirt trade, this one, as they say, looks like it can't miss.

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While Harold Ramis rides up the hill for the second or third time, over on the beach in a far corner of the cove a wind machine is filling a silky red-and-yellow parasail so that the stunt crew can work on Andrea Martin's broken-rope parasailing scene where she lands, an exhilarating new woman, in the palm trees. In that scene, Steve McClosky is standing in for Andrea Martin. He's a sandy-moustached stuntman who will wear a dark wig and be seen from a distance only. They're having a problem with the sometimes strong prevailing wind. The wind machine and powerboat combo are getting him up from the beach, but once he's up above the rocky bluff the wind wants to blow him down against the rocks. I saw one try where he seemed barely to miss scraping his arse or worse as he soared

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGEANNE DEEN

Peter O'Toole, star of Club Paradise.

low over the point. He told me he preferred jumping out of aeroplanes.

Skinny shirtless British assistant directors are running all over the place, two-way radios always in hand spitting static at them, riding herd like sheepdogs getting things and people to be where they belong under ever-shifting conditions.

The whole crew is British, somehow cheaper than an American crew because they're shooting in Jamaica, but also by general consent better than any other crews. Lee Brothers Electric, the sparks, out of London, are legendary. They'll go on location anywhere without blinking an eye. (The Green Hell of Bolivia where no one has ever come back alive? You got it, guv.)

The amount of detail, the convergence of energy, thousands of man-hours' worth, that goes into getting 90 minutes of comedy out the other end, is absolutely mind-boggling. They've taken over an entire resort for office space: the draftsmen, art department, transportation people, assistants to the assistants, all have duplex resort suites as offices, with little kitchens and green views of the landscaped grounds. They so dried up the local vehicle pool, they had to convince the local dealer for LAAT (an Eastern bloc auto that makes old Russian jokes live again) to turn out all the new cars in his showroom on lease to the movie company. On the far side of Port Antonio, they've turned a big warehouse into the carpentry shop, from which this whole funky-but-nice fake beach resort was built. (Though it took four months to build Club Paradise, it will, unphoenixlike, revert to beach when they're done.) They're even rebuilding and spiffing up the down-town square a bit, to make it look more authentically Caribbean — repairing reality one more time.

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All this $19-million activity is the stranger to me because none of it would be happening if Chris Miller and I hadn't had a terrible time at a Club Med in 1979. He was recovering from oral surgery, I from a marriage gone sour, so he suggested we go to the swinging Club Med on Guadeloupe. We were wildly out of place, at least 10 years older than everybody else, a group tending toward nurses and young executives on their first tropical vacations.

It was awful, like being trapped in a singles bar for a week.

When we got back, Chris and I decided to write a humorous piece about it at the very least to vent our spleen, and, more importantly, to write off the trip against our tax. We sat in my living room tossing ideas around for a couple of hours, getting deeper and deeper into libel and slander. Then we both sort of simultaneously had the same flash: this would make a great movie. And so was born *Club Sandwich*.

Chris, along with Doug Kenney and Harold Ramis, had been one of the writers of *Animal House*. Doug had since formed a production company with Michael Shamberg, who's producer on *Club Paradise*, and Allen Greisman, who's executive producer. They had a deal with 20th Century-Fox and were looking for properties. So Chris went out to Hollywood to pitch *Club Sandwich*. And then, wonder of wonders, they said yes — we had a *deal*.

But neither of us, it turned out, really knew how to write a screenplay. I had *never* written one before, and Chris had co-written only one, huge success though it was. And while three people had contributed to the actual writing of *Animal House*, Chris's chief contribution had been his *life*. The whole thing started from his real-life experiences at Dartmouth. However, it had been mainly Harold who supplied the structure, put all their funny ideas in some pleasing order. And it was the absence of structure that did Chris and me in.

We worked on the script for more than a year, daily sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire. Don't misunderstand. We wrote some very funny stuff, if I do say so myself. But none of it ever hung together. Still, there are parts of the two versions we wrote that I love to this day.

Among our main characters in the first draft of this beach comedy was a creature from outer space, taking a vacation tour of this part of the universe. Like a giant friendly *mop*, the alien had many tentacles and six eyes on stalks. He was sweet, or rather *it* was. Another character was Sol the Shark, the actual one from *Jaws*, now wearing gold chains and visiting Club Sandwich to get away from the phonies in Hollywood. There was a time warp in that one too, with a samurai warrior suddenly appearing on the nude beach. Our main characters were a hapless pair of '60s-vintage dope dealers named Woodstock Nathan and Fillmore West, who are trying to hide out from the law in this square awful resort. We were hoping for John Belushi for Woodstock, that's how long ago this was.

Our producers weren't exactly thrilled by this draft; and in retrospect it's hard to blame them. They brought us out to Hollywood for a month of meetings and rewrites. They explained how young movie audiences are, and that the only people interested in old hippies are other old hippies.

Then, after a decent interval, they said thanks guys and handed it over to two other writers, and the project became *Club Paradise* — the title shift alone a fairly reliable indicator of the attitudinal shift of gears that was going on. These other two guys (whose names I have resolutely refused to remember) wrote it twice more.

Then in March, Harold sent Chris and me copies of the final version of the script. The note attached to mine read: "David — This is *Club Paradise*, six years from *Club Sandwich*. I hope you will like it and that you'll consider visiting us in Jamaica while we're shooting. There's even some extra work in it for you, if you're up to it. Hope you like it. All the best, Harold."

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I especially liked one morning in mid-week, a rainy day at Movie Camp.

Walking into the dining room for breakfast, I discovered that the covered porch had been converted into the rainy-day games centre for the cast's children and their various caretakers, while up in the dining room most of the cast were sitting around drinking coffee, also waiting for the sun to come out, and playing their own rainy day games.

Then twitchy with nervous energy Robin Williams pops up from his seat and, looking out on the lawn, starts to harangue one of the peacocks strutting there in an ironworker voice: "C'mon, be a man! Get out of that drag and make something of yourself, like your mother and I have prayed and dreamed you would! Eddie, come to your senses, boy!"

This was about as wild and crazy as it got. There will be no stories of bizarre ganja parties among the stars reported here. I didn't smell a whiff of the stuff all week, and not one single person offered to sell me any. What's the world coming to, anyway?

And everyone's working these long days in the heat — 7.30 calls, scrapping the day around 6, then dailies from 6.30 to 7 or so, then a quick cleanup and dinner — so by 10 o'clock, everybody's worn out, your faithful parasite among them. This is the '80s. We're not partying, we're all working our arses off, making it — though of course some of us are just working our arses off.

It sure was different from the shooting of *Animal House*, back in the autumn of 1977,

PHOTO: REX/AUSTRAL

"Perhaps next time, Commander, you'll stop and think before taking off a girl's gravity boots."

under gloomy skies the few days I was there. Chris had invited me out to watch, and it was hard to tell where the movie left off in the afternoon and real life set in at night, except the drugs were better at night. I vaguely remember one night, a bunch of the cast crammed into one little spartan hotel room watching some big fight on TV. It's vague because of the fat joints that kept circulating and circulating. And the night after that, Chris, Doug, Karen Allen and I and maybe a couple of others, spent most of another evening in one of these cinderblock rooms, listening to tapes of greasy old r & b, passing a joint now and then, drinking beer and shooting the shit and hanging out, like decent people should.

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One afternoon I managed to overhear some repartee between Robin Williams and another one of the actors, Eugene Levy. For no noticeable reason, Williams breaks into a blue magic act.

"See these little ropes?" he says to Levy. "Now they're gone — and if you look in your pants, you'll find them tied around your penis. Isn't that amazing? And I believe you had a watch? You'll find that up your arse!"

Levy mimes removing it and holding it gingerly up. "Yes," he says, "it takes a licking and goes on ticking!" "Oh, no," we groan.

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During lunch break one day I had a good long talk with Harold, sitting at one of the tables in the semi-open air Club Paradise lounge. I hadn't seen him for years, but as far as I could tell he hadn't changed very much, with a genuinely easy, relaxed manner, and more consideration than most people carry around with them. The week I was there, people of all sorts — from Peter O'Toole and Robin Williams and the rest of the stars, to the grizzled, experienced crew and new first-time assistants — kept volunteering for various reasons how good he was to work for, many of the old hands saying this one had the best vibes of any location they'd ever been on. Being in Jamaica, the prettiest part of Jamaica, didn't hurt, certainly. But it's also Harold, and a little of that leftover hippie thing again.

Harold has his own style of cool runnins. Certainly he doesn't take himself too seriously. He said that he'd had no real directing experience before *Caddy Shack*, that the studio basically handed him and Doug Kenney $10 million and said, go, guys. Starting out on that one, he told me, that constant semi-smile on his face, he didn't even know what the assistant directors *did*. When I asked why he thought *Ghostbusters* had succeeded so hugely, he said, after thinking a moment, that it was because it wasn't dirty. How parents would come up to him, thanking him for making a movie their kids liked that was neither pornographic nor incited them to revolution. And his capsule comment on *Club Paradise* was that it had long been his dream to make a movie where nothing blew up at the end.

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But the one with the coolest runnins by far is Peter O'Toole.

He wasn't working the week I was there, and had his own rent-a-villa by the sea in toward Port Antonio, so he had been nowhere in evidence. But in my capacity as Announced Journalist, I tried to convince Don Levy the publicist that I absolutely had to talk to Peter O'Toole or the story would fail utterly. It wasn't exactly true, and we all knew it, but Mr O'Toole graciously agreed to come down to the set one afternoon and talk with me.

I get my first live glimpse of Peter O'Toole as he's sitting in the shade of the lunch tent laughing with a young pretty local woman and her cute rolypoly little black baby. In fact, he is leaning toward the tot and comically growling at him like some fierce beast, O'Toole's elegantly wasted face lighting up yet more when the baby squeals with delight each time.

When Don introduces me, he says "Let's piss off to my beach shack to talk." We take this to mean his fake beach bungalow on the set. He says, "Just a second," and heads off at a good clip down the beach to say something to Harold, who is hanging out down the beach with some of the other cast members. Just as everyone likes Harold, they are openly in *awe* of Peter O'Toole: Harold, Robin Williams, the lot. And well they should be. Marching there down the beach is Lawrence of Arabia and Henry II and Lord Jim all rolled into one.

It turns out the beach shack he meant is his rent-a-villa. We'll go there and have tea. I'm to go with him and Don will follow. I've been chasing around the great and the near-great for 15 years as a journalist, but I still feel nervous and a little giddy.

I needn't. He's been around so much — he characterised himself as "The Old Man Of Locations" to me — that he has seen everything and everyone before, including me, and still finds the vanity fair tremendously amusing. Of all the people imported here to make this movie, O'Toole seems most comfortable, naturally friendly, easily at home with the local black Jamaicans. To the ulcer-inducing horror of the head of Warner Brothers, since he might get hurt and, God forbid, screw up the shooting schedule, O'Toole has tried out for and made a serious local Port Antonio cricket team, making him both the only white person on it and the oldest by 10 years anyway — and of course the only international star. As we walk toward his car on the set, he stops for some cricket chitchat with a few of the red-stripe Jamaican police.

On the way up the hill the cricket continues. He says he first heard of the West Indies and Jamaica in 1948, in a calypso song about cricket that was popular in England, and proceeds to sing me a bit of it as we rattle up the road. At the top he stops for some more cricket chitchat, and then we're off on the main road to his place. He's been horseback riding a lot, he says, both in a young coco palm plantation by the sea, and on trails up in the hills, where he's been visiting the Maroons who live up there, a semi-mysterious separatist group descended

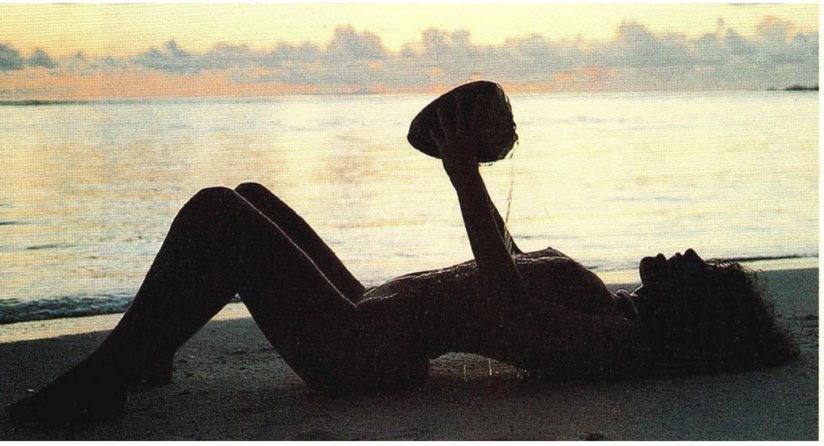
(continued on page 98)

"He made his first obscene phone call today."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERBERT HESSELMANN

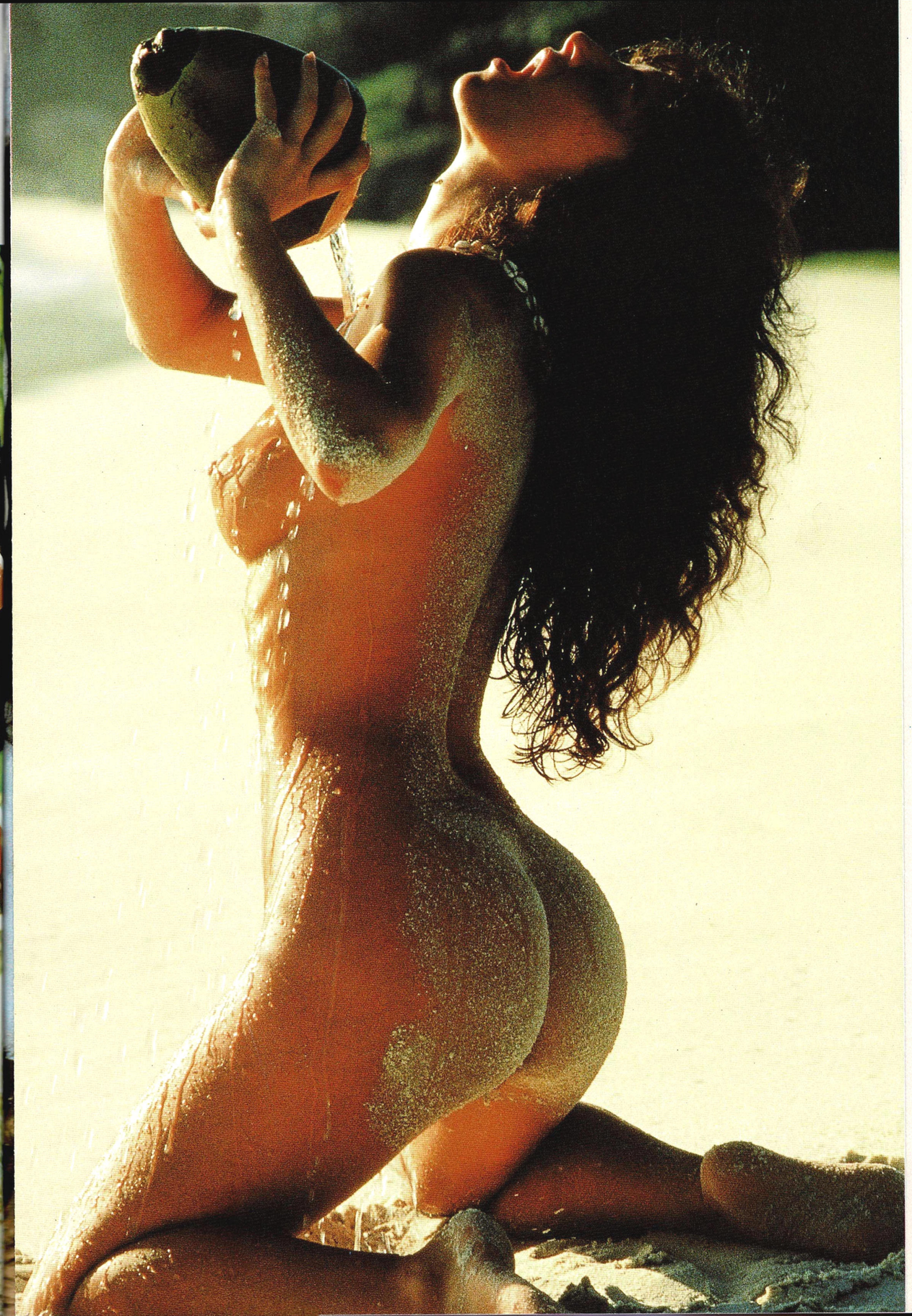
ASTRO GIRL

The fabulous Michaela Probst is definitely out of this world.



As a typical Piscean, Michaela Probst admits she's a bit of a dreamer. She dabbles in astrology, thinks of faraway places and owns up to her fair share of good old-fashioned fantasy. "Sometimes I imagine I'm living in another century," she reveals. "I even fancy myself as Queen Michaela the First!" Grand notions, indeed, but we suspect our divine Miss August would attract hordes of loyal subjects.

Michaela enjoys being a fashion model and she spends a lot of money on clothes. "If I want to buy more clothes, I just go out and do a few extra assignments," she laughs. "I have a fairly free and easy existence but my friends are very important to me. I'm 24 now and I've learnt that you can't get by without the support of people who are close to you." And the men in her life? "I like it when men pay lots of attention to me but I'm not attracted to the type who are big talkers. Sincerity and honesty count an awful lot."



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Michaela Pavlost

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Michaela Probst

BUST: 87cm (34") WAIST: 61cm (24") HIPS: 88cm (35")

HEIGHT: 165 cm WEIGHT: 53 kg SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 4.3.62.

AMBITIONS: To be happy and successful in life.

TURN-ONS: The beach, sunshine, sexy eyes, daydreams.

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, lies and unpunctuality.

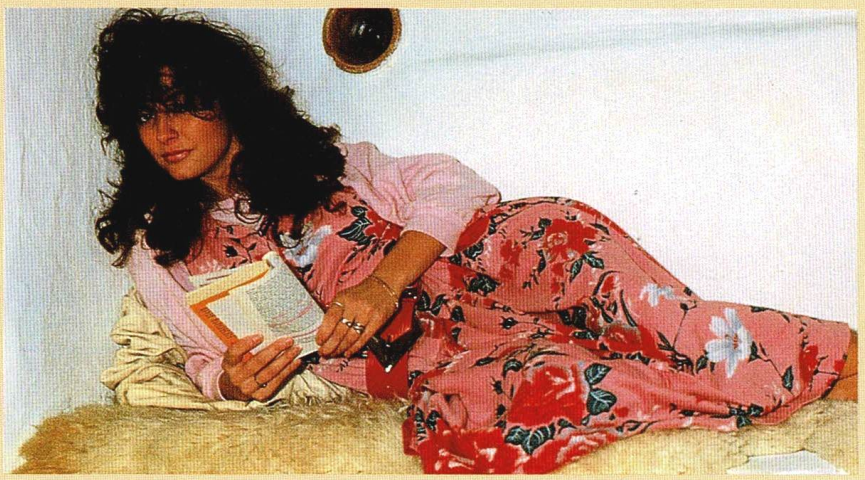
FAVORITE BOOKS: Bliss, Hollywood Wives, Hawaii and almost all sci-fi novels!

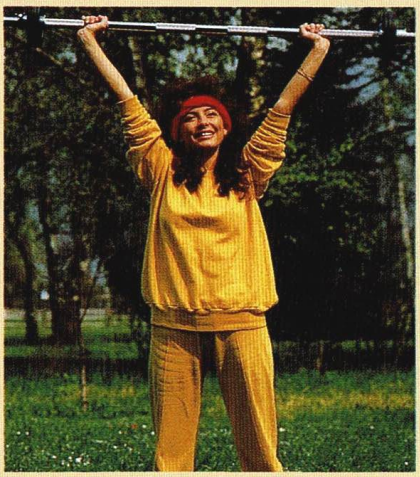
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Robert Redford, Audrey Hepburn, Bryan Adams, Billy Idol.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Surfing, skiing, golf, travel.

IDEAL MAN: One who would share my secrets and fantasies.

SECRET FANTASY: To live in another century and be a queen in a beautiful castle!





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A father stork tried to comfort his little boy during one of mother's frequent nocturnal absences.

"Don't cry, son," the father said soothingly. "Your mother is bringing people babies and making them very happy."

The next night the father was gone and it was the mother's turn to offer comfort.

"Son, your father will be back as soon as he has brought joy to new mummies and daddies," she said.

Several days later, the stork parents were distressed to find that their baby had been missing from the nest all night. When he finally returned in the morning, the relieved parents asked him where he'd been.

"Aw, just scaring the shit out of some high school kids!"

The doctor asked his patient to sit down as he had some bad news to impart.

"Look, old pal," the medico sighed, "I've just got the results of your tests and it looks as if you'll be dead by morning."

Bill, the patient, was too stunned to reply so the doctor put his arm around him and suggested that he close the surgery early and they'd go out for a last drink.

Hours later they were both pretty drunk and the doctor told Bill he'd have to go home.

"No, no, please don't leave me alone," Bill pleaded. "Just have another few drinks with your old mate."

"Well it's all right for you," the tired doctor snapped, "but I have to get up in the morning!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *eunuch* as a man who's been cut off from temptation.

A real bush yokel who had never learned to read or write won Lotto and decided to take a trip to the big smoke. He met a beautiful prostitute in a city bar and suggested they book into the best hotel in town.

At the reception desk he was handed a form to fill in. After an embarrassed pause he merely put an X at the bottom of the paper. Then, after looking at it for several moments, he drew a circle around it.

The receptionist winked at the old bloke and said, "I've seen people sign with an X before but never with a circle around it."

"Well, love," the man whispered, "there *are* times when a man doesn't want to use his real name!"

Harry had never wanted a woman so much in his life, but he overheard the 21-year-old object of his desire remark to a friend that he was too old and out of shape for her.

The determined 70-year-old Harry immediately embarked upon a rigorous self-improvement program. He had his face lifted, bought a toupee, ran 10 kays a day, lifted weights and adopted a strict vegetarian diet. Within months, the rejuvenated old man won the young woman's heart and she agreed to marry him.

On the way out of the church on their wedding day, however, Harry was fatally struck by lightning. He was absolutely furious when he fronted up to St Peter at the pearly gates.

"How could you do this to me after all the pain I went through?" he demanded.

"Look, to be honest, Harry," St Peter replied sheepishly, "I just didn't recognise you!"

Two pretty Swedish maidens were on holiday and they asked a friendly local to take their photo in front of a famous monument.

As they were posing one asked the other, "Vy is he squinting like dat?"

"He vants to focus," replied her friend.

"Ha," came the answer, "but first he must take the picture."

Two golfers were being held up as the twosome of women in front of them duffed shots, hunted for lost balls and stood over putts for what seemed like hours.

"I'll ask if we can play through," Mike said as he strode towards the women. A few metres from the green, however, he turned on his heel and went back to where his companion was waiting.

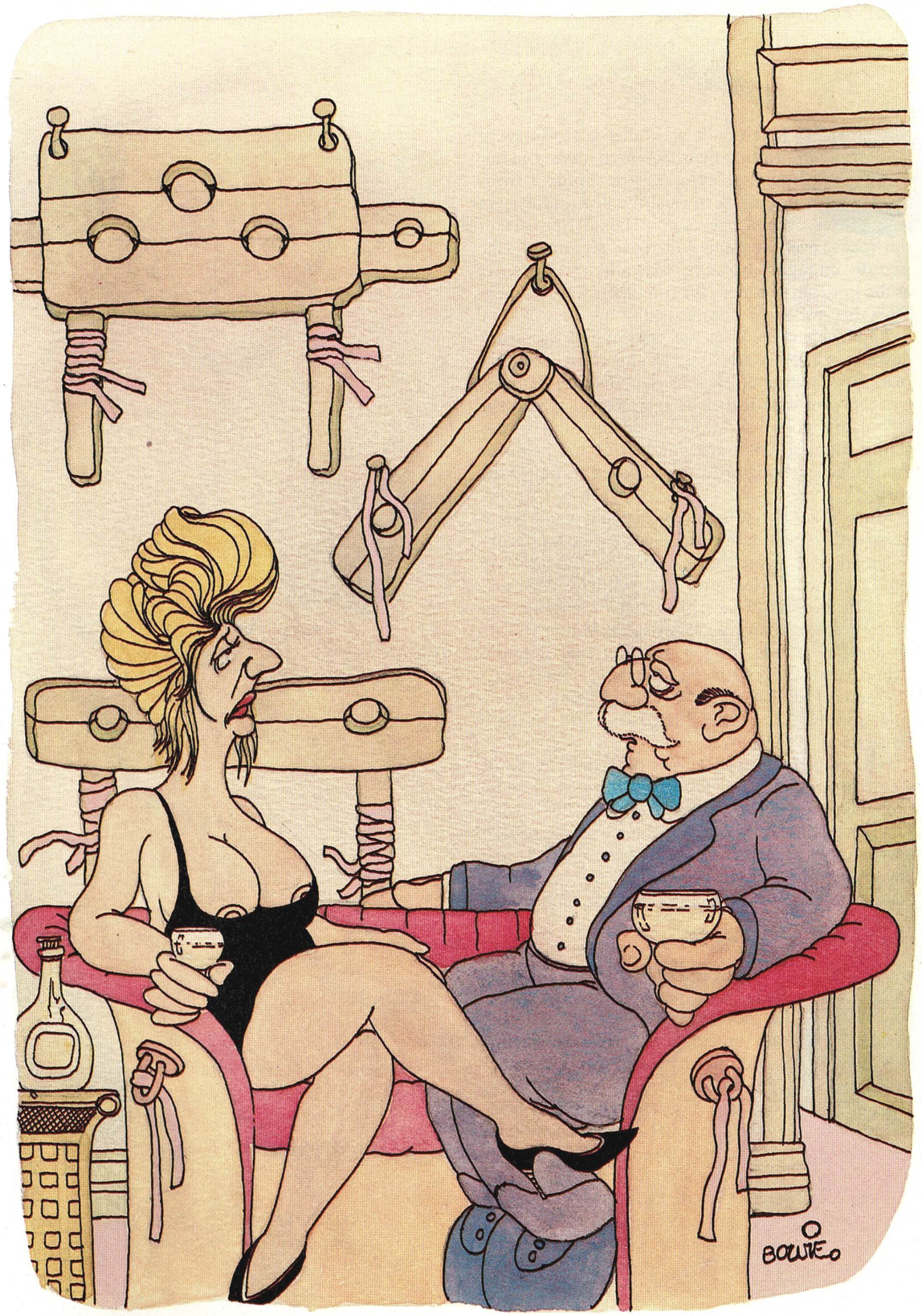
"Can't do it, mate," he explained. "One of them's my wife and the other's my mistress."

"I'll ask," said Joe. He started off, only to turn and come back before reaching the green.

"What's wrong?" Mike asked.

"Small world, isn't it?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"I guess you might say my interests lie in stocks and bonds!"

THE BOTTOM LINE ON EXERCISE

Article by **BEN YAGODA**

First the bad news, then the good news, then the <u>really</u> good news.

EVEN AS Jane Fonda and other gurus of sweat were imprinting their leotarded images on our consciousness, even as the home fitness business was beginning to rival the beer industry in annual sales, even as joggers were shouldering cars off the roads, even as more and more seemingly sane people engaged in such masochistic pursuits as the ironman triathlon, the rumblings were starting. Does this stuff *really* do any good?

And then, in the summer of '84, Jim Fixx was struck down by a heart attack while jogging along a country road. Fixx, author of *The Complete Book Of Running*, was the man who had done the most to spread the ambulatory gospel and it had done him in. This was akin to Bettina Arndt growing hair on her palms or Paul Hogan choking to death on cooked shrimp at the barbie.

More than a few pairs of jogging shoes were discarded; a few health clubs shut their doors. Henry Solomon, MD, wrote a book called *The Exercise Myth* which warned, "Almost nothing you have been told about the benefits of exercise is true." Magazines ran articles with titles such as "Exercise: A Matter Of Life Or Death?", "Why Joggers Are Running Scared", "How Much Exercise Is Too Much?", "The Limits Of Exercise", "Too Much Of A Good Thing" and — summing up the whole backlash —"Is Exercise Overrated?"

Is it? Depends on who's doing the rating. Everyone seems to agree that, all things being equal, exercise probably is better for you than no exercise, but beyond that there's little certainty. Absolutes are in especially short supply when it comes to long-term effects: the masses simply haven't been doing this stuff long enough to judge its impact on life expectancy. Still, some facts *are* known.

THE BAD NEWS

Fixx was a fluke. One recent study of cardiac patients found that the incidence of heart attack during exercise is "the same or less" than "while crossing the street, lying in bed, or driving a car". Another calculated that people suffer only one death per 396,000 hours of jogging. Fixx had a history of heart disease in his family and had neglected his condition. For him, exertion was merely a trigger for a heart attack, not a cause.

It's now commonly agreed that exercise holds more perils than were perceived in the initial fervor of the fitness boom. Among the more obvious is wear and tear on bones and muscles. One of the first scientists to

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

look into the benefits of exercise was Dr Hans Selye who showed half a century ago that if rats underwent physical stress and were allowed to recover, they became stronger. But if they suffered more stress *before* they recovered, they actually became weaker.

It's the same with humans. Every time you exercise, some muscle fibres are injured and it takes at least 48 hours for them to heal after vigorous exercise. Noted sports doctor Gabe Mirkir recently cautioned, "The injury rate shoots up drastically when you exercise more than three times a week." Few fitness fanatics can restrain themselves that much, which is one reason why it's estimated there are around two million sports injuries a year.

Another reason is poor coaching, particularly hazardous in the heavy-metal Nautilus era.

At the present time there is no legislation in Australia covering certification of clubs or instructors. However, the Department of Sport and Recreation does sponsor the Australian Council for Health, Physical Education and Recreation (ACHPER) which runs a complete education program to train fitness instructors. It makes a lot of sense to check whether your gym or health club employs ACHPER-accredited instructors. If not, it's possible you'll be putting yourself in the hands of out-of-work dancers or actors with minimal training.

Besides not overdoing it and getting training advice from someone who knows what they're talking about, there's one more thing to remember if you want to avoid exercise-induced injuries. "To *get* in shape, you have to *be* in reasonably good shape," says Dr James Nicholas of the Lenox Hill Hospital Institute Of Sports Medicine. "Otherwise, your susceptibility to injury goes way up. Say your legs are weak. You'll have more inertia when you're running, which will put stress on your body." Flexibility, cardiovascular efficiency and strength should all be relatively high before starting a rigorous training program, Nicholas cautions; he recommends swimming and walking as good, no-risk ways to build up all three.

Finally, a recent study at the Harvard Medical School found that when strenuous exercise is stopped abruptly, the presence of certain hormones in the blood dramatically rises; these constrict blood vessels and raise the pulse rate, which can lead to a potentially fatal irregularity in the heartbeat. After working out, cool down gradually.

THE GOOD NEWS

People who exercise have always known that it makes them feel good. Ever since the days of Hans Selye, scientists have been explaining that phenomenon with an ever larger body of research. Over the years, various studies have shown that working out is good for blood-sugar control, sexual performance, the immune system, the circulatory system, breaking down blood clots, reducing stress and, of course, losing weight and gaining muscle.

The list of benefits continues to grow. According to a study recently published in the *Journal Of The American Medical Association*, people with "low levels of physical fitness" are about 50 percent more likely to develop hypertension than are "highly fit persons". In an accompanying editorial, Dr Norman M. Kaplan observed that the study supplied some very suggestive evidence that physical fitness provides protection against the development of hypertension. . . "Regular exercise should not hurt," he says. "Who knows, joggers may even live longer."

More evidence about the impact of working out on longevity is on the way. Current research is focusing on the capability of exercise to help forestall or even prevent heart disease — the biggest killer around — and it looks pretty good. One study (released, ironically, the week after Jim Fixx's death) found that sedentary men were more than twice as likely as active ones to die from cardiovascular disease.

The fitness boom is becoming the sole property of the young urban professional. The only question that's left is, will they stick with it through middle age?

Regular and habitual exercise seems to widen the arteries in the heart, thus making less likely the blockage that is known as artherosclerosis. It also apparently promotes the growth of *new* arteries — sort of like nature's bypass surgery. And studies have indicated that vigorous exercise increases the presence in the bloodstream of a substance known as HDL (high-density-lipoprotein) which acts to reduce artery-clogging cholesterol.

THE CONSENSUS

The *really* good news is that you don't need to go through as much hell as everybody used to think to get all these benefits. An integral part of the fitness boom was a self-flagellating, no pain-no gain mentality. Current thinking is much more civilised.

Exercising strenuously more than three or four times a week can be harmful and you're probably not giving anything up by limiting yourself. To experience the benefits of working out, men need to burn just 2000 extra calories a week, which they can do by playing an hour of racquet sports every other day.

Kenneth Cooper, the doctor who coined and popularised the term "aerobics", probably has made the most dramatic flip of all. Cooper now says that walking three miles in 45 minutes, five times a week, is all the aerobic conditioning anybody needs. More than that, he said recently, and "you are running for something other than fitness".

THE BOTTOM LINE

Now that we are beginning to realise so precisely what is good for us and how much of it is necessary, you'd think that we'd be doing it. You'd be wrong.

Despite all the talk of the fitness boom, this country is in woeful shape. A recent study showed that 80 to 90 percent of us don't get enough exercise. A little less than a third of men and more than a third of women are obese — just as they were a decade ago.

The situation among kids is particularly depressing. They spend about three times as long watching TV and playing video games as they do indulging in sport or exercise.

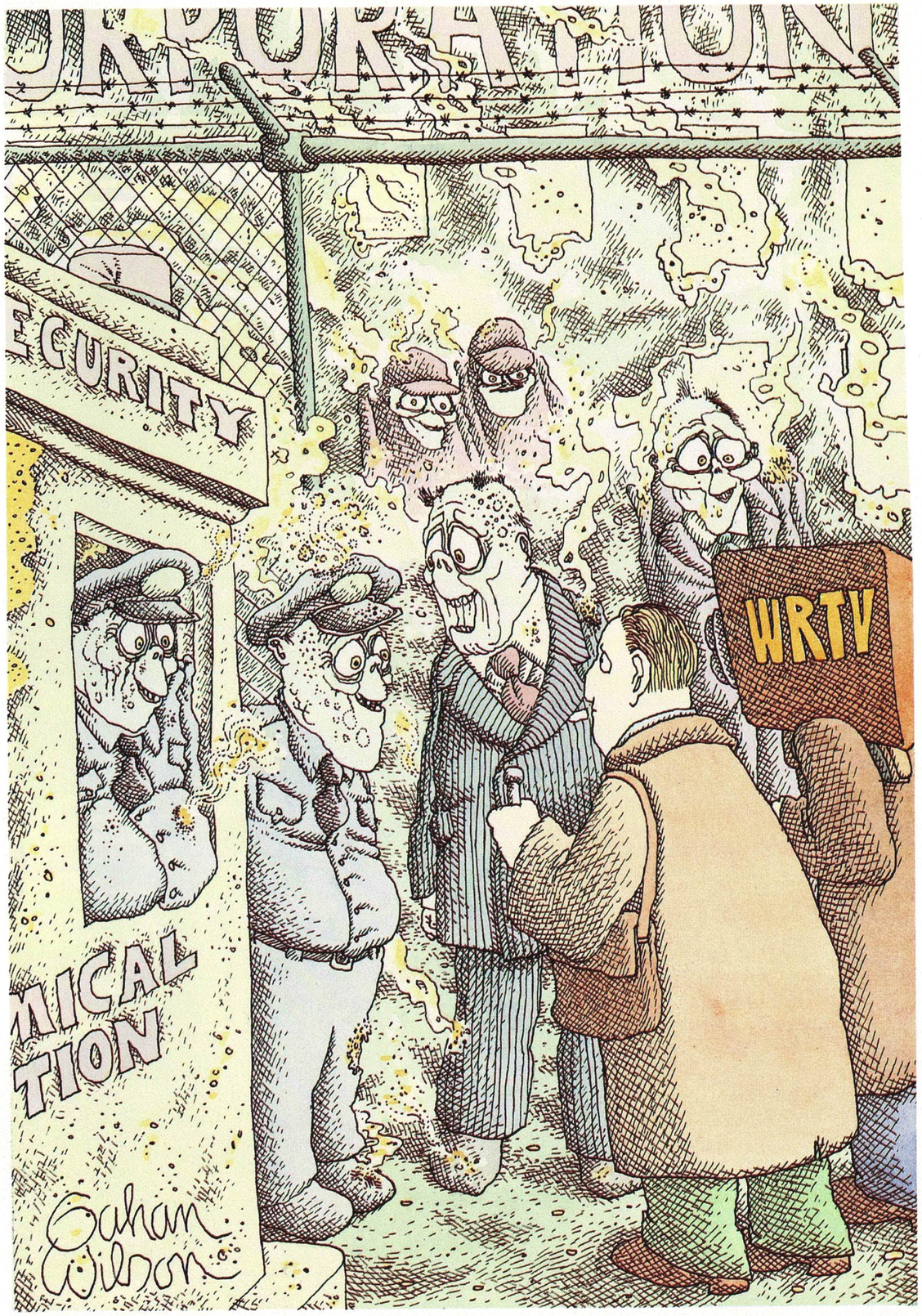
This is not to suggest that the fitness boom is merely a media creation. Just look at the bottom line. The home exercise equipment industry is growing at a 20 percent-a-year clip; not far behind is the fitness *apparel* industry. Each year sees a new vogue device — at the moment, the rowing machine, with sales increasing 100 percent each of the past two years. Each month sees a new vogue exercise (have you heard about running backwards, or "retro running", as its promoters are calling it?). And each *week* sees a new expensive exercise toy (for bored stationary cyclists, a 60-minute videotape that sells for $50 and simulates a gruelling cycle tour).

Nor are fitness centres suffering because of the home-equipment trend. Most report that business is up on last year.

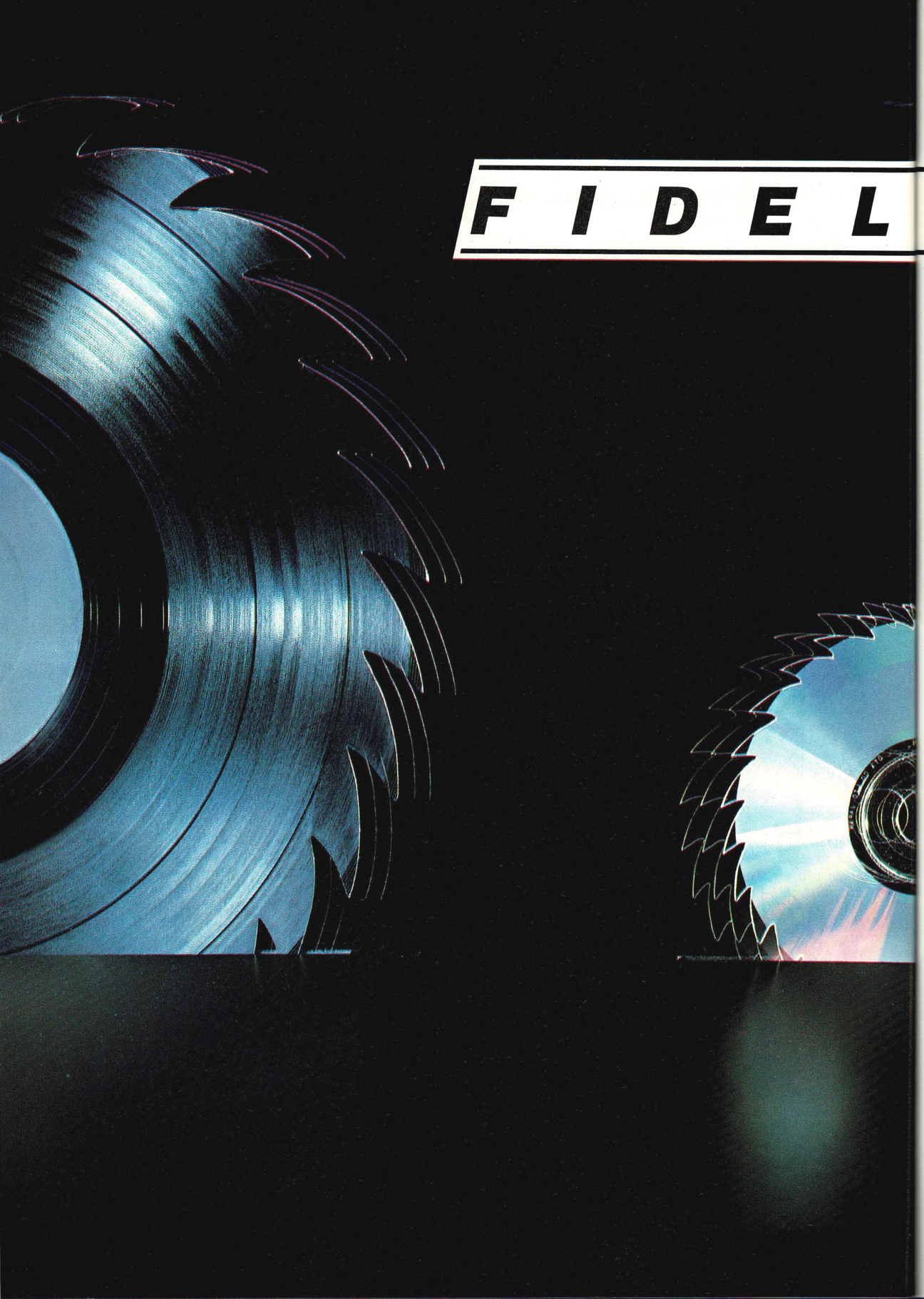
Who's doing all this stuff? It's not kids, and it's probably not old people or poor people, either. So that leaves that newly discovered phenomenon — the Australian yuppie.

The fitness boom is becoming the sole property of the young urban professional. The only question that's left is, will they stick with it as they become middle-aged mauppies, and senile suppies? Our guess is they will. This is a generation for whom self-preservation, and self-perpetuation, is paramount; it has embraced fitness less because it is *in* than because it works. Author James Glassman, recently musing on the same issues, put the explication for exertion well: "Yuppies don't want to die; they want to keep their options open as long as they can."

With the first of the crew just reaching 40, there's a lot of option-keeping left to go before the yuppies hit the wall.



"Chemical spill? What chemical spill? Anybody know anything about a chemical spill?"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

FIDELITY WARS

CD VS LP

Are CDs just shiny silver platters or is it R.I.P. for the LP? Which sonic system has the cutting edge? Two experts sound off.

"The LP is today's audio dinosaur. . ."

Article by ROBERT E. CARR

I HEARD THE death knell of the LP a little over a year ago. That's when I purchased my first compact disc player. Now my LPs sit silent, lifeless and forgotten on the shelf.

Though there are memories in them, I didn't mourn their passing. Not one bit. Most of them lived gloriously at least once — when I was able to match the perfect stylus to the perfect surface of the perfectly spinning disc.

Mostly the LPs sounded less than perfect at the first playing and steadily deteriorated from there. My ridiculously expensive diamond stylus, for example, was fond of tapdancing its way across the surface of a new record, as if to brand it permanently as a part of my collection. I would usually just sit there, afraid to inspect either the record or the stylus. In desperation I'd lie to myself. Hey, it's a diamond, right? Can't hurt that. And the record? Well, vinyl has a little give in it. Maybe they're both okay. Then I'd hit the replay button and wait quietly for the first of the clicks that always came.

Men don't cry at times like those. They are philosophical.

None of it really mattered, anyway. Because we could never really be sure if the sound being reproduced by the turntable and stylus was really what was on the record. Just using the equipment was trickier than neurosurgery.

After all, few of us could ever figure out the relationship between the stylus pressure and the anti-skating control and occasionally allowed a couple of extra grams to keep it in the groove. That was especially useful if the stylus was worn and starting to mistrack. And some of us seldom bothered replacing the record in *(continued on page 80)*

"CDs are cute. So was the eight-track. . ."

Article by DAVID A. WILSON

PHILIPS'S PROMISE OF "Perfect Sound Forever" is the dream and passion of all who love music and who labor to reproduce it beautifully in the home. No goal in audio has been so elusive. Over the past 50 years, fortunes, indeed lives, have been exhausted in the quest for even a reasonably satisfying musical sound. Yet now, the commercial leaders in audio would have you believe that you can have "perfect sound". . . right in your own living room, conveniently, inexpensively, and immediately.

Of course they'll say your music must first have been "digitally processed"! In fact, you, the consumer, no longer have a choice between digital and analog recordings. The vast majority of recordings being released today by the major labels, be they in LP or compact disc (CD) format, come from digital rather than analog master tapes.

Digital audio recordings, particularly in the CD format, are spreading across the land like the plague. Most industry people are delighted with the market success of the CD. There's gold in those iridescent discs! The ailing record industry's profits are on the rise. Hi-fi equipment manufacturers and retailers are delighted — sales of CD players are drawing customers back to the showroom. Happy, or at least profitable, days are here again. Some have even proclaimed the LP dead.

In view of the great convenience, seeming indestructibility, better than average sound, the undeniable "cuteness" of CDs, it's easy to see why they should succeed. Add to this an unprecedented co-ordination of marketing by all the world's major *(continued on page 80)*

CD *vs* LP

PLAYBOY

the sleeve — or in the jacket, for that matter. Worse, sometimes we let the stylus take care of our record cleaning chores by ploughing the grooves clean.

And then the whole sordid house of cards came crashing down on us. Everything we'd read about record maintenance and stylus cleaning and tone-arm balancing and drive-belt deterioration turned out to be true. And instead of beautiful sounds we became awash in wow and flutter and click, click, click.

That's why, when the compact disc came along, I was ripe. I'd been lied to and cheated on. I was sick of buying a new stylus every six months. I'd tried cassettes, but the manufacturers usually opted for speedy duplication of cassettes rather than accurate reproduction of music.

The discs offered superior sound, no adjustments and no maintenance. You can put one in a player and play it from now until the rent comes down and the last time will be as good as the first. It will survive abuse far better than the common LP.

That's because the CD is really a sandwich. Its micro-thin aluminium foil centre is imbedded with tiny pits that are read by a laser pick-up through the clear plastic sides. Nothing touches the surface of the disc but light.

One of the best things about compact discs is the way they look. Before going into production, the recording companies and disc producers actually got together and standardised the compact disc. They were not going to have the Beta-vs-VHS-type wars that slowed the growth of the videocassette recorder market. What they agreed on is a very sexy looking package. Each disc is like a gem, glittering in a rainbow moire pattern. In fact, the flat, clear plastic containers they come in have been dubbed "jewel boxes". Attempts to substitute a cheaper packaging have been soundly beaten down by the industry.

The sound is better because of a technology known as digitisation, which is simply slicing the music up into thousands of pieces and giving each piece a numerical value. The nice thing about sound in that form is that it is easier to store, easier to manipulate, and easier to retrieve from storage.

What we've been trying to do up till now is reproduce music by analog means. During recording, the music makes a needle vibrate and the vibration is traced in the vinyl. Later another needle traces the same grooves and its vibrations are amplified back into music.

The accuracy of analog depends on the needle at your end tracing the exact route of the stylus at the recording studio. The variables in such an undertaking are staggering. As is the cost of the equipment. An audiophile turntable that you could call state-of-the-art could go for as much as $1500 — *sans* cartridge and tonearm! Even with the best equipment, however, you are still getting less music than the musicians put out. That's because the range of some instruments is beyond the ability of the stylus-on-vinyl combination to reproduce.

The beauty of CD was at first lost on a few diehards: LP purists and highenders, who have a good portion of their fortunes invested in hand-carved onyx cartridges cantilevered and counterweighted to survive tremors approaching 6.8 and toddlers approaching 68cm. *(continued on page 110)*

recording and audio equipment companies, and you have a merchandising triumph. But do you have "perfect sound"?

To appreciate the relative strengths and weaknesses of the LP and the CD requires some understanding of "analog" and "digital". Analog and digital are two ways in which a musical signal may be recorded and stored. Music is sound, which is a wave phenomenon, and to understand the principles of analog and digital signal processing, we need to view sound as complex waves. Analog and digital handle this complex waveform information in entirely different ways.

Analog strives to follow the waveform exactly. The higher the quality of the analog system, the more it can trace tiny waveform details without, at the same time, overloading on huge waveform peaks. The analog signal may be stored on magnetic tape or in the grooves of an LP record. The analog approach, which was used even back with the Edison cylinders, has evolved to the point where today it is capable of astounding accuracy in capturing that waveform. The achilles heel of analog, though, is noise, which may take the familiar forms of tape hiss, record pops and ticks, and turntable rumble, to name but three. As genuine improvements are made in analog recordings and playback gear, noise is progressively lowered, and the system's ability to resolve more detail on the waveform gets better. This is a great strength of analog.

Digital, on the other hand, operates on the assumption that the waveform needs to be accurate only up to a point, beyond which no one can hear the difference anyway. What is absolutely to be achieved, however, is the absence of noise. The way the current digital system, as used in all CDs, and most new LPs, captures what it does of the waveform is by "sampling". When the original digital recording is made, the musical waveform from the microphone goes into the digital recorder's analog to digital (A/D) converter. The waveform is then chopped or "sampled" approximately 44,000 times each second. Such a system is said to have a "sampling rate of 44K". Each of these samples is then assigned a number, the maximum size of which is called the "bit word length" — 16 bits being the current standard. These numbers may then be stored on tape, or laser etched into a compact disc. When the signal is in the form of numbers, it is extremely insensitive to noise and signal loss. This is a real strength of digital. However, because the ear-brain does not hear numbers as music, playback of the recording requires reconversion to analog, by a digital to analog (D/A) converter. The D/A converter, with varying degrees of accuracy, reconstructs the waveform, and sends it out to the playback amplifier and speakers. All audio compact discs conform to this 16 bit/44K system.

To use a photographic analogy, analog may be likened to a photographic print and digital to a lithographic print. Photographic prints are subject to grain, haze, poor focus and color shift. While hideously difficult, optimising all these factors can produce beautiful results. Morever, as finer grain film, better quality emulsions and sharper lenses are used, the print quality can always be improved.

Lithographic prints, on the other hand, are created by laying down a regular pattern of dots, *(continued on page 112)*

"That's pressure."

SUMMER *Shades*

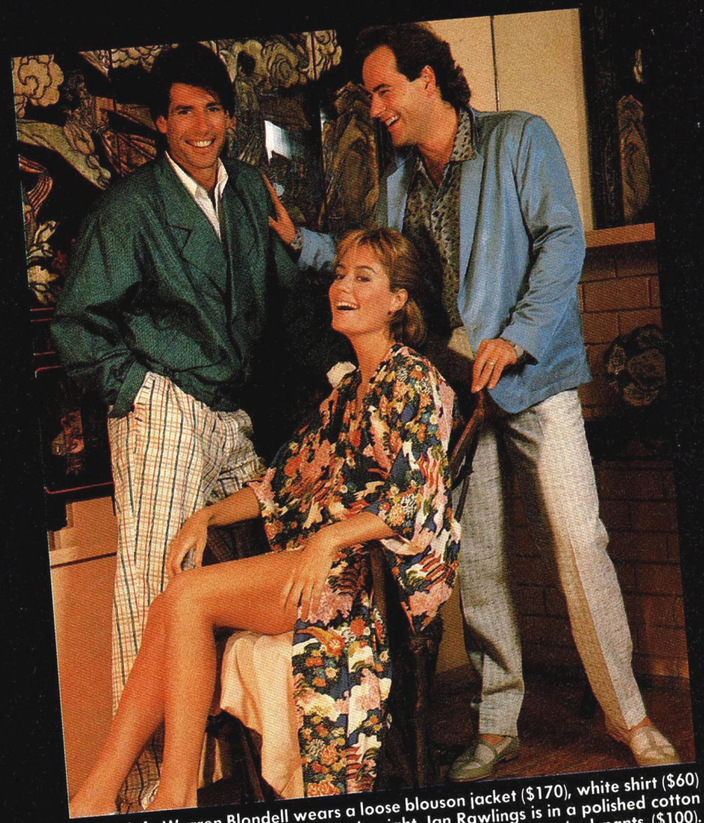
The fashion pendulum swings away from vibrant colors for a muted and mellow summer season.

Fashion by Vitek

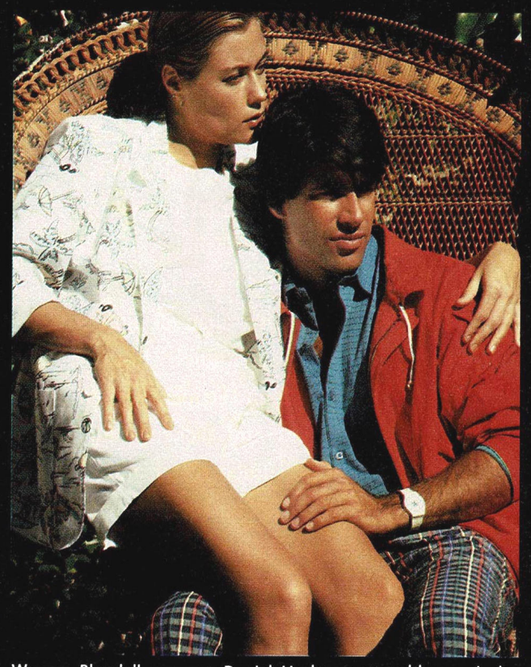
The new menswear collections for summer '86 follow a grey and white theme. We invited two supersoap stars, Warren Blondell of *Return To Eden* and Ian Rawlings of *Sons And Daughters*, to present the new fashion color story. The styles show a strong return to suits and sports jackets, highlighting the contemporary elegance of the Australian male. "And about time!" comments Warren Blondell. Australian designers are becoming much braver. Bold checks and stripes are seen in trousers and jackets; shirt fabrics are much softer and of the sort usually associated with women's wear. And, thank goodness, comfort is the key. Says Ian: "How it feels should be as important as how it looks."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAMIEN McGRATH

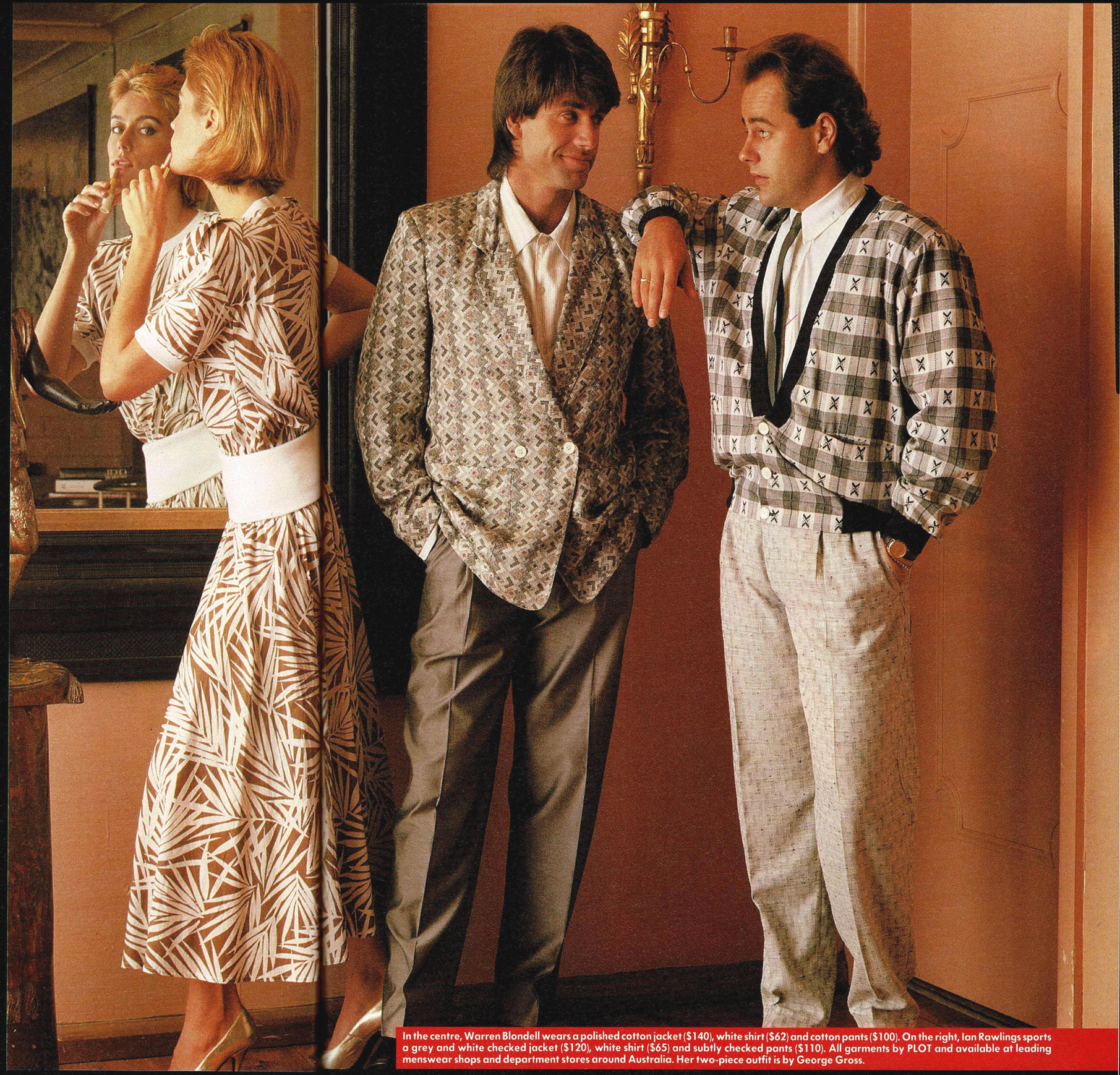
On the left, Ian Rawlings wears a raw silk jacket ($370), collarless cotton shirt ($150) and raw linen pants ($170), all by Harry Who and available from David Jones (NSW) and selected menswear stores in other states. In the centre, Warren Blondell wears a cotton jacket ($85), cotton T-shirt ($15.95) and stylish summer shorts ($38.95), all by Avoca Menswear and available in department stores (NSW), Myer (Vic), Tom Brown (Qld), Tony Barton's (WA) and selected stores around Australia. Her dress is by George Gross.



On the left, Warren Blondell wears a loose blouson jacket ($170), white shirt ($60) and candy-checked pants ($90). On the right, Ian Rawlings is in a polished cotton jacket ($170), silk blend PLOT shirt ($60) and contrasting checked pants ($100). Garments by Tres Bon and available from Ron Bennett, Colony Shop and leading menswear shops and department stores around Australia. Men's shoes by William Cook.



Warren Blondell wears a Daniel Hechter cotton blouson jacket ($160) and contrasting cotton shirt ($60) with multi-colored checked pants ($100). Daniel Hechter clothing is available through leading menswear stores, David Jones and Grace Bros. Her jacket ($100) is by Avoca.



In the centre, Warren Blondell wears a polished cotton jacket ($140), white shirt ($62) and cotton pants ($100). On the right, Ian Rawlings sports a grey and white checked jacket ($120), white shirt ($65) and subtly checked pants ($110). All garments by PLOT and available at leading menswear shops and department stores around Australia. Her two-piece outfit is by George Gross.

In the centre, Warren Blondell wears a two-tone light cotton suit ($280) by Members Only. On the right, Ian Rawlings wears a polished cotton and wool suit for day or evening wear ($430) by Trent Nathan. Both labels are available around Australia from department stores and menswear boutiques.

PHOTO: JANE HUMPHRIS/YACHTSHOTS

SOLO SAILORS

(continued from page 55)

Biddlecombe was boatless in Tonga, a broken man, yet within days he had been guaranteed further funding.

chairing the Sydney BOC committee.

But Kiernan did not give up the idea of competing in the ultimate single-handed race: he merely put his pitch on hold.

Early last year he and Gold Coast boatbuilder Tom Stephenson competed in the Short-handed Sailing Association's race from Sydney to Port Macquarie (Kiernan helped found the association in 1983). Aboard the *Madame de Farge* they raced along a counter current well out to sea, neck and neck with Rod Muir and Bruce McPherson who were pinned close to shore on the *Doctor Dan*. At nightfall they were together again on the coast and there was a terrific battle for the lead. *Madame de Farge* eventually slipped away in the darkness and took the race.

The following night, Muir, a guru of rock format radio and boss of then Sydney ratings leader 2MMM FM, shouted the beers on board his boat. Muir began to wax lyrical about organising a yacht called *Spirit Of Sydney* and making her the city's flag bearer in the next BOC Challenge. Of course that was Kiernan's dream, but having beaten the sponsorship drum unsuccessfully for so long, he elected to keep his own counsel for the moment. A few weeks later Muir approached him and said: "Listen, mate, the information I get around the waterfront is that you're the bloke to sail this boat. What do you say?"

Kiernan is a solid, no nonsense chap, not given to great displays of emotion, but Muir's suggestion nearly brought tears to his eyes. As soon as he regained composure he said: "Let's go."

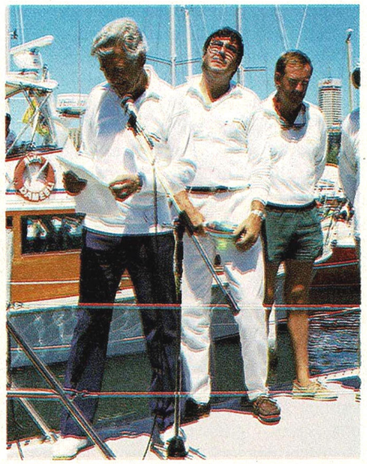
The campaign was conceived by Muir as a committee effort in which funds would be raised from the city, and the yacht eventually returned to the city in the form of a sail training vessel. There never really was a budget but it didn't take long for the million dollar tag to sit nicely. Ben Lexcen, a friend of both Kiernan and Muir, was commissioned to design the fastest, lightest, sweetest 60-footer afloat. But the commission went further than just design. The three men formed a think-tank and sweated through every problem in construction, punching details into Lexcen's computer. The result was a state-of-the-art yacht which, according to its designers, "achieves the right balance of a surfboard on downwind legs and a lightweight Centurion tank for uphill stormy conditions".

The boat's aluminium hull incorporates such features as hydraulically retractable dagger-boards, movable water ballast and twin rudders. The overall effect is that of a huge surfboard planing at maximum speed on the most critical part of the swell. Inside, the *Spirit Of Sydney* looks a little like the flight deck of the Starship *Enterprise*. The Ockham Instruments navigational system and the Hewlett-Packard tracking system dominate a huge console. The Ockham system is the one *Australia II* carried while the tracking system was developed for the last Whitbread Round The World Race and will allow strategic information to be assessed by a support team in Sydney before suggested courses of action are relayed back to the skipper's on-board computer.

With 45-year-old Kiernan expected to be in top physical and mental condition throughout the gruelling race, no effort has been spared on comfort either. "I can count the number of hot showers I've had on boats," he says, "but I've got a hot shower on *Spirit*." He also has a water desalinator so he is not weighed down with a fresh water supply, gourmet rations, a galley any restaurant would be proud of, and a spacious sitting room.

Kiernan will sleep in hour-long cat naps, mostly during the day and totalling not less than six hours in every 24. "You have to put sleep in the bank," he says, "catch it when you can because you simply can't afford to be exhausted. I've trained myself to fall asleep at the drop of a hat and to wake up the same way. I've got a brutal alarm clock and I just sit bolt upright with my feet on the floor, shake myself awake and go up on deck. I couldn't sail alone any other way because I have a horror of being run down by a freighter in the middle of the night."

But Kiernan says he never feels better than he does after a few days solo sailing. "I get into a rhythm and I start to feel fantastic. I dream intensely and when I'm awake I think very clearly. Don't get me wrong, I'm normally a very sociable person, but once I've adapted to a situation like this it takes me over completely. And you're not really alone out there. You're part of a fleet and you urge each other on. Besides, I've got a phone and I can ring anyone in the world. I'll be in touch."



Bob Hawke, Bex Lexcen and Ian Kiernan aboard Spirit Of Sydney.

Kiernan married for a second time a couple of years ago, telling his new wife Judy, an advertising executive, that she would always come first except for the BOC Challenge. She will be part of the Sydney support team and with him at each landfall, but Kiernan admits that he is asking a lot of a wife.

"Jude's a mate as well as a wife," he says. "She knows how much this means to me. See, I'm a big chance to win this bastard. A real big chance."

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"Mate, I've thrashed *Spirit Of Sydney* once and I'll do it again around the world. I'm not too worried about that." This was John Biddlecombe talking as he made coffee on board the fishing trawler he lives on at Woolwich Marina on Sydney Harbor. Alongside was his ACI *Crusader*, a self-designed 18.2 metre lightweight assessed earlier this year by a BOC committeeman as potentially the fastest boat in the race.

Two weeks after his dockside interview with Australian PLAYBOY, Biddlecombe was boatless in Tonga, a broken man. His immediate reaction was to abandon his dream of winning the toughest race on earth — there seemed no alternative. Yet within days he had been guaranteed further funding by his sponsor, and within weeks he was on his way to Nice in the South of France to check out a new yacht, *La Clairvoyance*. Owned by Universal Yachting of Nice, and the first open class yacht by famous designer Paul Lucas, it had been specially built for female sailor Claire Marty, who was unfortunately obliged to withdraw for lack of a sponsor. Although *Clairvoyance* looks totally different above deck to the original *Crusader*, it is a similar shape, has the same length and mast, and now bears the same name. More importantly, Biddlecombe is convinced he can win in it.

The fact that ACI so willingly committed the extra money underlines the amazing relationship which has developed between sailor and sponsor. Unlike Kiernan, Biddlecombe is not a "jockey". He designed, built and slapped the first couple of hundred grand into *Crusader* before he won a sponsorship. When the race is over, the new ACI *Crusader* will be his, but the ACI sponsorship will go on, covering enough boats and races for Biddlecombe to be able to declare: "I'm a full time yacht racer now. This is what I do."

The wry smile with which Biddlecombe delivers that statement underlines the fact that in his time the 42-year-old adventurer

has been a full time stunt pilot, boat-builder, hang-glider and Formula One motorcycle racer. In fact buying the trawler four years ago was one of the sanest and most boring things Biddlecombe has done. He is a man who likes to fly close to the sun and, clearly, his life as a charter operator was destined to be brief.

Biddlecombe grew up around boats and developed a love for the ocean he shared with his mate Midget Farrelly, who went on to become a world surfing champion. Later the two got into hang-gliding, pioneering thermalling in the mountains around Sydney, and eventually going into the hang-glider business. Next they fell in love with sailboards, while Biddlecombe made his living building cruising yachts. This was to be the pattern of his life: a constant shuffle between the sea and the sky.

In the late 1970s he sold his yacht-building concern for a full time career in aviation. He flew aerobatics with the Long Beach Aerobatic Team for three years, doing whistle stops around American air shows and carnivals, then brought home a Bell Jet Ranger helicopter and chartered it for mine survey work. Then came a low period in which Biddlecombe's commercial flying licence was revoked because of failing sight in one eye and he almost lost a leg after a bike crash during a race. With air and land options removed, the adventurer returned to the sea. He began another boat-building business but soon sold it to entrepreneur Syd Fischer. Next he bought the trawler and tried to lead a quiet life, knowing it would never work.

"I suppose I was just waiting for the next big thing," he says now.

When the BOC fleet arrived in Sydney during the first race, John Biddlecombe barely noticed their presence, but a year later when some yachtie friends mentioned preparations for the second race he recalled the sleek lines of the big boats and he began to dream of a sloop built entirely for speed. The dream fast became an obsession and he mortgaged his trawler to the hilt and began building a hull.

At the same time be began the onerous task of finding a sponsor. He hired a marketing consultant and the two men set about trying to convince corporate heavy-weights that they could justify, in purely financial terms, a huge outlay on a madman and his boat. "It was a total bummer," Biddlecombe recalls. "The marketing people in those companies don't like to be told how to spend their promotional dollars because they think they know. We were blowing it heavily and I got terribly frustrated. I'd already sunk almost $200,000 of the bank's money and the bank manager was panic stricken."

Biddlecombe mentioned this problem to his mate Gordon Ingate, owner of *Gretel II*. Ingate put his finger right on it. "The money men can never justify it," he said, "you have to find someone who is as mad about this thing as you are." He suggested Biddlecombe approach Sir William Pettingell, the chairman of ACI and the sponsor of Syd Fischer's America's Cup campaign. Biddlecombe went into the meeting clutching a scale model of his downwind flyer and not much hope. Sir William sounded out his man and within five minutes asked: "How much do you want?"

"That floored me," Biddlecombe recalls, "I was too embarrassed to ask for as much as I needed. I thought it might frighten him off." He asked for $200,000 straight up and more as it was required, but he needn't have bothered. Pettingell knew exactly how much a winning campaign would cost and he could see no point in an involvement unless they were going to try and win. ACI set up a fund and Biddlecombe was able to draw on it as he needed to. No budget figure was set but the general assumption was that the ACI *Crusader* campaign would weigh in at around $750,000, a good deal cheaper than *Spirit Of Sydney*'s. The ill-fated

"Crew is the most important item," says Biddlecombe. "You could have the best boat in the world and you wouldn't get anywhere if it was sailed by a mug."

Crusader I was reportedly insured, through an ACI offshoot, for around $300,000 (many companies refuse to insure single-handed racers). ACI have agreed to put up the balance but the total cost of the two-boat campaign is now expected to surpass $1 million.

Like *Spirit*, the new *Crusader* has a ground team that includes a tactician and a weather expert, but Biddlecombe is sceptical about the need for elaborate back-up.

"Crew is the most important item," says Biddlecombe. "You could have the best boat in the world and you wouldn't get anywhere if it was sailed by a mug. It's a matter of seamanship and there isn't a real lot you have to know from all these machines. You have to know weather patterns over a broad region so you can find wind, you have to know exactly where you are and where the other leading boats are. And if the whole bloody lot blows up, you go back to your trusty sextant."

Although Biddlecombe's single-handed sailing experience is fairly limited, he puts great faith in mental preparation and a winning attitude to see him through the long, scary nights. His sleeping plan — which he will stick with despite his costly nap off Tonga — is based on eight to 10 hours every 24 in two-hour naps, because he believes that you have to compensate for the poor quality of broken sleep. His on-board diet is dominated by freeze-dried food but, sensing the dangers of boredom and depression, he is planning to bake his own bread on a regular basis and grow alfalfa sprouts.

By far the most important release during the race, however, will be his music. Biddlecombe describes himself as "a competent saxophonist and a lousy guitarist". Nevertheless the single-handed Biddlecombe Brothers Band will rock the high seas at least once a day. He will pre-record a keyboard rhythm track on his Casio, a guitar bass line on the tape deck and blow out his sax lead from the middle of his stateroom, where he will be surrounded by a vast, all new tape collection. "Music will be my company for eight months," he says. "Classical when I need to mellow out, driving rock when I'm up on deck giving her the works."

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John Biddlecombe and Ian Kiernan are old mates and one senses that the intense rivalry will diminish once the race begins. Both are individualists who mean to win for themselves, but they are also proud Australians. Both told Australian PLAYBOY that if he couldn't win, he hoped like hell the other Aussie could. During the long months of preparation, a camaraderie has developed beneath the surface level rivalry. Ben Lexcen, under commission to the *Spirit Of Sydney*, also found time to help his mate Biddles with a few design problems on the first *Crusader*. Biddles, on the other hand, up to his neck in personal debt, tried to go guarantor for a $50,000 loan to enable one of the other Australian hopefuls to complete his boat. When *Crusader I* was wrecked, Don McIntyre returned the favor by offering the yacht. This is the spirit that pervaded the first BOC Challenge and made it a race apart. As race committee chairman Robin Knox-Johnston said: "The bonds of friendship grew as the competition and drama intensified."

But the bottom line about this ultimate sporting challenge is fear and how to overcome it. Few, if any, of the competitors won't have knots in the stomach as they come round Good Hope to confront the mighty southern ocean. Before his Tongan disaster John Biddlecombe stated his fear succinctly: "Mate, I'm fucking terrified to think of it, roaring off into the night on this big, powerful beast of a boat. Scared shitless. I love it!"

After his brush with death he was not so sure about the buzz, but just as determined to win. "Sure, it was human error and bloody bad luck. It goes to show that anything can happen and, yes, it does make me wonder a little. But it also makes me determined to prove to the world that I can do it."

a pictorial tribute
to Hugh Hefner's special companion
Carrie Leigh
PHOTO CHARLES BUSH

PHOTOS: RICHARD FEGLEY

Let's face it, Playboy Mansion West is an imposing piece of work. Five and a half lush acres in Los Angeles, with a complete zoo, a hidden grotto and beautiful people. One gets the idea that Hugh Hefner watches *Dynasty* to see how the less fortunate live. This is a mansion for a man who doesn't go out for Big Macs and thinks jogging is something you do to your memory.

On a recent visit we met the lady of the house, Carrie Leigh, who has been Hef's special companion for the past three years. Carrie's a long way from home — Toronto, where she was born almost 23 years ago. She began a modelling career at the age of 14, so she grew up early and has lived on her own since her mid-teens. She tried marriage and it didn't work, then a modelling assignment for US PLAYBOY resulted in an April 1983 cover for that magazine, after which she was asked to fly to California for a Playmate test.

Carrie's photo magic derives from her multifaceted personality and her strong sense of style. She never appears to be the same person twice. As a model in Toronto she developed a love for the visual language of fashion. She's drawn to those expressions that reflect bold, dramatic moods.

PHOTOS: PHILLIP DIXON

Shortly thereafter, Hef asked Carrie to move to Los Angeles. Her life at the Mansion since then has been a contemporary Cinderella story with a continuing cavalcade of newfound friends and celebrities, surrounded by the flora and fauna of a Southern California Shangri-La. "But when we go upstairs to our own quarters," says Carrie, "that's the best time of all." If you ask Carrie about the passion in the relationship, she isn't shy about responding. "Well, Hef is a very sexy man," she concedes, "but I think sometimes I like it even more than he does. I like waking him up in the middle of the night. 'Hef!' In the morning: 'Hef!' Sometimes I even try to get him out of his meetings.

Carrie's personal magic is subtler. She moves her 174cm body with a slow, deliberate grace. Her quiet demeanor and apparent sensitivity suggest fragility, but Carrie can be both assertive and outspoken. Her obvious inner strength comes from a clear notion of who she is and who she is not.

PHOTO: STAN MALINOWSKI

Carrie Leigh brings a sharp mind, a sensual glamor and an intriguing presence to Playboy Mansion West. Her devotion to her relationship with Hef is matched by her determination to develop herself. She has made an auspicious start.

"I think it was sexual attraction that first got us together, but it's turned into something a lot more special than that. There are so many different sides to Hef. He's so sentimental and boyish. I like those qualities in a man.

"I'm rather complicated for a woman my age — with a lot of insecurities and changes of mood. Hef is the first man I've ever known who can handle me no matter what mood I'm in. He understands me and I think I understand him too. I don't know how long the relationship is going to last, but it's been three years now and so far it just keeps getting better."

She came. He saw. They concurred. That was the romantic essence of their first meeting three years ago. Since then Canadian fashion model and actress Carrie Leigh and US PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner have been constant companions at Playboy Mansion West.

WINE *(continued from page 50)*

As to the choice of wine with meals. . . it is all in the throat of the beholder.

so distant past in Europe, restaurant owners and staff used to keep empty bottles of labelled great vintages and fill them up again with cheap rubbish, thus doubling their profits.

There's no point in this here because wine moves fast and is discounted everywhere. It's just part of the show. Of course, if you have ordered a highly expensive wine and it does come to the table with the cork out, you should expect the worst and send it back as a matter of principle.

Then we come to the tasting. The waiter pours a little into the glass of the host and he tastes it. All this is supposed to prove is that the wine has not gone bad in the bottle due to having been accidentally dropped into the fish frier three days earlier, hastily wiped clean and disentangled from bits of Chico roll.

If no dead animals either (a) fall into the glass of the host or (b) jam themselves in the neck of the bottle, it is wine all round and you can safely get on with the meal without further cause for worry.

Although in other countries this ritual is repeated with every new bottle, even of the same style of wine, I've noticed that it is rarely done here unless one is changing over from white to red. I think that this is because both waiters and diners feel that once is quite enough and only so much nonsense can be tolerated at any one meal.

I might add that a wine can be sent back without any hesitation if it arrives after the course that it is supposed to accompany — unless the service is so appalling that to refuse it would mean getting nothing at all to drink throughout the entire meal.

Now as to the choice of wines with meals. Before one starts believing in any rules it should be remembered that in the 18th and 19th centuries the English in many cases drank port from start to finish, French cognac is favored for Chinese banquets to this day and that Americans by and large drink nothing but iced water — if they are not attacking some wretched fizzy soft drink.

It is all in the throat of the beholder.

What, however, has happened in this country is that the rule about red wines with red meat and white wines with white became so rigid that, when the *foodie* revolution came, anarchy became just as rigidly fashionable as the old set of rules.

These days, quite a lot of people who wouldn't come at the idea at all 10 or so years ago will now both happily and fashionably drink a good semi-wood matured chardonnay right through from soused herrings to stilton cheese. The chardonnay doesn't do much for either dish, I might say, but in the end it doesn't really matter all that much.

In any case, with some courses nothing is really quite correct. Let's take that old-fashioned plate of mixed hors-d'oeuvre that once appeared everywhere. You got a piece of salami, a cornet of ham, a celery boat with cream cheese, a couple of prawns, something in a sort of mayonnaise and two or three oysters on the shell, plus possibly a rollmop herring. The correct liquid with that assortment was anything from a beer to an old-fashioned claret.

Now although that may have gone the way of the silver chafing dish and waiters with long white aprons down to their toe-caps, these days one can get trays of Greek or Lebanese starters of equally bewildering complexity. And what the hell happens if you are a party of six and everyone wants everything from garlic prawns through to lamb's brains in raspberry puree (and that's leaving out the oysters in yoghurt and dill)?

There actually is no correct answer unless the wine host covers the table in assorted bottles ranging from *fume blanc* to retzina. And that would be both vulgar and drunken.

Which might be no bad thing, come to think of it.

Incidentally I have never known a wine waiter or waitress or even a general wine and food person to hand the drinks list to a woman. To get at it she'd virtually have to snatch it. But don't for your own reputation scream, "Now what would the ladies fancy?" Many of them may well know a great deal more about the grape than you do and make you look like a complete dill.

These days a woman is likely to turn on you and say (just for starters), "My! *Ladies*. How quaint. I didn't think anyone used that word these days."

And then she's away.

"Well, yes, if they do have it, I rather do fancy a little something from Keppoch, or perhaps Qualco, if *this sort of restaurant* can quite manage to run to that sort of thing."

Having Penfolds written on your wrist is no help in these circumstances.

And of course the sort of restaurant that you have taken her to specialises in those sodding board contraptions which are about two metres high and one wide and all the labels are painted on them and where in the name of sweet FA is Keppoch, let alone Qualco? And you can't drop the board because you'll smash the bloody table.

Although at this stage you may well decide that the female in question has a head on her like a robber's dog, it would have been far easier in the first instance to say casually across the table to good old Jack (who was too stupid to see this coming), "Oh, Jack, you were talking to me the other day about a couple of reds that you'd tried recently and that you found fairly respectable. Why don't you go this round?"

Then you could have heaved the varnished set of boards at him and let him drop the bastards.

And so to wine temperatures. (If Jack has indeed dropped the boards, everyone's temperature, let alone that of the wine or the management, is usually quite interesting. However. . .)

The temperatures that most so-called wine experts base their judgement on are those of your average European cellar, which should run between 12 and 15C.

This sort of nonsense is bugger-all use to the average Australian on a summer's day when it is, as they say, 34 degrees in the water bag and rising.

So as a general rule white wines should be chilled for, say, two hours in the average refrigerator before serving, while red wines should be kept in a moderately cool room in summer at least.

There is absolutely no need to what is known in the trade as *chambre* a red wine in Australia, which at its English worst used to consist of sitting it on top of an electric radiator.

That simply boils it.

But it does help to uncork red wines about an hour before serving them. This is a practice that has been argued over for some years, but an hour will do no harm one way or the other and it then doesn't matter whether or not the corkers or non-corkers are winning.

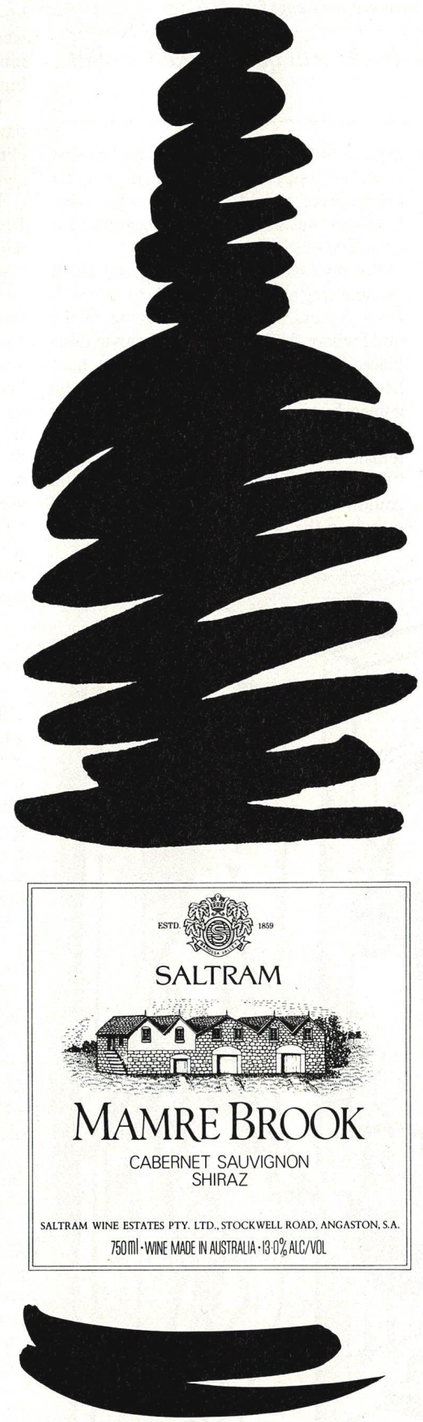
As to the age of good quality wines, most Australian whites can be drunk with relish in the year of bottling and most are. However, one a year or two old may have more interest if you can wait.

The reds are more difficult. Most Australian red wines, whatever their region, reach their peak at about 10 years old. As almost all of them are bottled by the companies when they are a mere three years of age, this could mean that they might be too young. On the other hand it might not.

Ask good old stupid Jack about that. He's supposed to be the expert.

However, to end on a quote, and to get back to the blends, winewriter Osmar White stated way back in 1972: "Blends of separately made red wines (as distinct from blends of grape varieties at crushing) do not *always* age gracefully. They may benefit from keeping a couple of years, but the buyer trying to build up a private cellar is well advised to avoid them. The space they occupy can be more profitably utilised."

As far as I am concerned, nothing much has changed in the red wine business over the intervening years.



How to turn dinner into a celebration. Just say "Mamre Brook."

AB 4325/85 Ogilvy MSG 0025

Club Paradise (continued from page 60)

O'Toole: "In a minute she came back, still quite naked — but wearing her false eyelashes!"

from runaway slaves, who claim the island is theirs and want it back.

His villa is spectacular, right on the water, with its own little crescent of private beach. Soon we are served tea by Mandy, the housekeeper, and O'Toole, with a little prodding, is telling one wonderful story after another.

Like when they were shooting *Lord Jim* on the Mekong Delta, and the Vietnam war started up right around them. He said they woke up one morning and there were four dead Americans outside the compound. They got out of there as fast as they could — ruining the picture in the process as well, he felt. When pressed he says that, of all of them, *Lawrence* was the one that mattered most to him — saying out loud for the first time, he said, that to him it was *the* masterpiece. And, incidentally, that *Lawrence* was also the worst location he'd ever been on.

But my favorites were two stories about the shooting of *What's New, Pussycat?* with Peter Sellers. The cast was living in the hotel where the last part of the movie takes place. When I suggested that must have been a zoo, he agreed. And naming no names, but indicating that the other person in the story was one of the several beautiful female stars of the movie, he began thus: "Well, I was climbing out of a window. I couldn't go up, so I went down, and found myself in the bedroom of this woman who was lying there nude in bed. I began to make my apologies, but she said, no, don't go, and hurried into the bathroom. I thought she was after a robe or something. But in a minute she came back, still quite naked — but wearing her *false eyelashes*!"

The thought of it makes him laugh to this day. And he never did explain why he was climbing out of a window in the first place — a master storyteller's touch, I thought.

The other story involves the invention of Inspector Clouseau. A young Spanish guy whose English wasn't as good as he thought it was, was working at the hotel as the desk clerk. Small misfortunes kept happening to him all the time. He'd pick up a telephone, and the bottom would fall out. And then he'd try to look cool, like nothing had happened. O'Toole said that Sellers picked up on this, and used him for the model of the Clouseau character. He was also playing the desk clerk in the movie, and in one scene he was required to give an inventory of who was doing what to whom in which suites. "There are two boyscouts and their scoutmaster in the Marie Antoinette Suite, and in the Napoleon Suite, there is a man sheeting on his wife. . ."

"Cut. That's *cheating. Ch. . . ch!*"

"Yes, there is a man *sheeting* on his wife. . ."

•

The last night I was there, I found myself after dinner in the dark stretched out on one of the beach chairs staring up into the sky, wondering what I thought of it all. After all, Chris's and my Club Med stumblings did set this whole big wheel turning. To get even a token writing credit and a few of those zeroes would send the hound, who's been gaining on me lately, howling in painful retreat. And naturally that would be a relief. But then again I've got used to having him yapping there on my heels.

Was it possible that I didn't care? That I didn't give much of a shit? Apparently so.

Even though I wished them all well, I felt fairly remote from the movie they were making here, funny and successful though it will be. It is sensible grown-up comedy, and there is no tentacled alien or Creature From The Black Lagoon in it — not one single character of another species. It was all a large reminder that the world had changed. I liked the personal family G-ratedness of this new grown-updom all around — the joys of kids finally being discovered by a generation that tried almost everything else first as a substitute for such cornball pleasures. And that those of us who are left seem to be gaining our balance at last, all of us slightly safer and duller survivors who flirted with the edge but made it safely back to centre.

I sat there watching the rising moon seem to electrocute a fat dark cloud, thinking these thoughts, and knew it was time to get back home.

"Ah, Madam, I'm the last of a dying breed, and I can see you are, too."

Fresh is Alpine.

Alpine
25 FILTER
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

PHA018 CC2271/85

TICK...

(continued from page 40)

Sirens and loudspeakers scream the emergency, demanding that pedestrians clear the streets.

Two at a time, Maishe takes the worn marble stairs out of the basement and to the police parking lot. He gets into a blue jeep and takes it out of the courtyard and into the street. There, he turns on the siren, but even though the City Tower is barely a dozen blocks from police headquarters, he curses traffic for nearly five full minutes before reaching the scene.

It's 9.10 when he first sees the suspicious car. By then, the computer has reported that the orange Opel Rekord was once yellow, and was indeed stolen.

Six months earlier, Maishe was given command of the Jerusalem bomb squad, which handles about 10,000 calls a year and, as the sappers say, "treats" about 75 bombs in a hot year of political conflict translated into terror.

That's more than any other bomb squad in the world, and the experience of the Jerusalem squad has made its reputation as the best in the profession. So, as the boss of the squad, Maishe, at the age of 35, can be called the best sapper in the world. A superstar.

Maishe wanted the command job for the money that went with it — an extra $90 a month — which would bring his monthly take-home pay to just over $500. He likes being in charge, but despises the paper work, the written reports that remind him of why, after he got out of the army, he never made it past the first year of college.

His meaty hands and footballer's body belong on the streets, and his superior officers at national headquarters always complain about the quality of his paper work. But they know his skills as a sapper are irreplaceable.

Traffic is snarled for blocks around the area, and while the sirens and loudspeakers scream and shout the emergency, demanding that pedestrians clear the streets, Maishe listens to a senior officer on the scene explaining how much longer it may take to clear the streets in the vicinity of the car bomb.

"You can't do it any faster?" asks Maishe, calculating the few minutes he'd have to work.

"We're going as fast as we can," the officer answers, knowing that it doesn't matter that he outranks Maishe by four career ranks. Until Maishe and any other sappers on the scene finish their work, *they* will outrank everyone.

While Maishe listens, he considers what he had heard in the jeep about the origin of the report about the suspicious car. An unidentified woman called the police emergency number and said she saw "somebody who looks like an Arab" running away from the car, "and leaving the door open".

The remark about the Arab doesn't make much of an impression on Maishe, who also looks like an Arab — his mother is Iraqi, his father Bulgarian — but the fact that somebody was seen *running* away from an old car in such a place; the car wasn't parked but *abandoned* with the driver's door wide open; and the car *was* stolen: all are strong indications of danger.

He approaches it, but doesn't yet open the boot or bonnet. Looking inside he sees aluminium balloons of cooking gas in the back seat. Brown paper bags full of nails are piled around the gas bottles. The nails are another sign, for they make the best shrapnel.

Maishe goes back to his jeep, parked at the end of the street facing the Opel. He decides to wait for Danny, the other sapper on duty that morning. A car bomb is a two-man job.

Meanwhile, patrolmen and soldiers on the scene work to get the people away from danger. A soldier trying to help the police clear the crowds that have gathered along the sidewalks gets too close to the car and Maishe shouts for the soldier to get out of the way. The soldier, an M-16 slapping against his thigh, runs away.

Danny arrives in a blue-and-white patrol van used by the sappers, who get chauffeured by drivers specially trained for bomb squad duty.

While Maishe is all military precision packed into a fire-hydrant body, Danny is tall and lanky, his hair always a little too fashionable and long for a police officer.

Maishe rarely puts together more than a dozen words, and can remain still for hours, while Danny rarely stops moving, using his hands to describe everything, shifting from foot to foot as he listens to Maishe's assessment of the situation.

They make their plans for action — Maishe to the boot, Danny to the bonnet — and the two of them walk slowly toward the car, to look for detonators, and to find out where the explosive is hidden.

On elbows and thighs, they crawl under the car, turning on to their backs to look for tell-tale wiring or grease and dirt that doesn't match the rest of the undercarriage. Finding nothing there, they get up, and turn to the closed boot and bonnet.

Maishe goes to the boot, using a knife to carefully and gingerly inch open the lock. They are well-practised at breaking into closed cars, and sometimes joke they could make a much better living stealing Mercedes.

Danny opens the bonnet. When he raises it, everybody within viewing distance can see the scrawled Arabic written on the underside: *"Fatah! Remember Sabra and Shatila!"*, referring to the massacre of Palestinians that took place in September 1982, while Israeli troops were occupying Beirut. In two weeks it will be the anniversary of the murders committed by Phalangist allies of the Israelis during the ill-fated Israeli invasion of its northern neighbor.

While Maishe studies the timing device and detonator connected to what he estimates to be at least 25 kilograms of TNT in the boot of the car, Danny looks for a boobytrap, a back-up detonator devised to set off the bomb if the car is restarted, even if the timer is disconnected.

Maishe calls Danny to the back of the car. The two men study the detonation system, and synchronise their watches to the old Bulova. All three watches now read 9.17 am. The device is set so that the bomb will explode at 10 am.

Even if Danny hadn't been on duty, Maishe would have called him. For if Maishe is the commander of the squad, Danny, at 38 the oldest member of the squad, is its inspiration.

Maishe has the job that a lot of people thought should have gone to Danny. But Danny never wanted to be the officer in charge. Not in the army and not in the police. Danny didn't want to have to wrestle with the paper work — or worse, the responsibility.

And even after getting the promotion from policeman to inspector, he still writes "policeman" where he could write the higher rank on all the paper work he does.

"Call it luck if you want," he tells new drivers who ask why he doesn't advertise his rank. "As long as I've been in the business I've written policeman, and nothing's happened to me yet. Why should I change things?"

Superstition and almost ritualistic routine are part of the sapper's life. One of Danny's superstitions and rituals involves not using the siren unless it's absolutely necessary — or absolutely unnecessary. If he doesn't have the *feeling* on a routine call to a suspicious object, he doesn't want the siren blaring or the tyres squealing on his way to the scene.

"Our hearts will be beating fast enough when I've finished doing the job," he tells new drivers, who have to learn quickly about all the superstitions in the group, if they want to remain with the squad.

Another superstition involves photographs. The two sappers who died in Jerusalem in the '70s agreed to being photographed for newspaper stories and each was killed within a month of those photo sessions. Since then, sappers don't like having their pictures taken. Nor do they want their proper names mentioned in public among strangers. Newspapers and TV newscasts are prohibited by the military censor from using their photographs or names.

They never break routines — not the normal routines of life like getting up every day at the same time, nor the small routines involved in putting on protective gear. The leggings are pulled on first, and only then do they don the flak vest.

When in the company of sappers, you never make a casual comment about how "things have been quiet lately." Mentioning a period of quiet can break the spell. And you never call it a bomb, you call it a device.

The sappers always refer to the object as a device. To call it a bomb, it seems, would be a kind of admission that the thing could explode. By calling it a device, they make it mechanical, technical, professional, undramatic, yet as they discuss the work they always reach a point where the science of the job is best explained by the *feeling*, by gut instinct. And, of course, by luck. And when somebody is hurt, or worse, it's luck, not the sapper, that's blamed.

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The police are having a difficult time trying to move the crowds, which are reluctant to back up out of viewing distance from the sappers and the orange car. A huge crowd continues to fill the top of the Ben Yehuda mall, the outdoor pedestrian area lined with fashionable shops and cafes, a block away from the City Tower parking lot. They can see the sappers and the other policemen standing at the end of the street looking at the booby-trapped sedan, but the car itself is on the far side of the Tower.

Both sappers know their heavy gear will be no help if anything goes wrong; indeed the weighty and cumbersome leggings, vest and helmet are a hindrance while they work.

"Hi, Enid, I'm Florence. It's my fault Sir Guy is late. I was in distress."

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For lovers who care about more than just themselves. Available from leading pharmacies.

LIAISON CONDOMS

The perfect setting for a Liaison.

They are cursed by a police policy that doesn't want the public to know that there's no such thing as safety for a man who's about to deal with enough explosives to make him (and half the buildings within 50 metres) disappear.

So the sweating begins. Sweat is the measure, the means by which they feel. "If you don't sweat when you're doing it, you're doing something wrong," Maishe always says. "Not the sweat of working out. The sweat of concentration."

As the seconds flick past on Danny's digital watch, showing that they now have less than 25 minutes before the device does its evil work, he plucks at his damp T-shirt.

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Danny and Maishe wait at the end of the parking lot, staring at the orange Opel, accepting as a fact of life that the basic rule of Israeli bomb disposal is to neutralise the bomb on the scene, rather than do as the British in Ireland — get the people away and blow the thing up or take the risk of moving the device.

Treating the bomb where it is found, a policy developed by Israeli sappers in the mid-'70s after too many devices exploded when they were moved elsewhere for treatment, means all the danger is faced by the sappers.

Since 1979, the squad has had a couple of robots to provide an edge of safety. Each robot is equipped with a video camera connected to a monitor in the van, and travels on caterpillar treads. It has long flapper arms that can manoeuvre explosive packages into more convenient locations for what they call "treatment".

Fixed along the length of the robot is a shotgun, which can be aimed via the TV monitor. The shotgun is used to fire a cartridge of specially devised pellets into the TNT which *disperses* the explosive material faster than it can ignite, destroying the bomb, without causing it to explode.

The procedure is no more damaging than a shotgun blast, which is a lot less than what a kilo or two of explosive can do, if detonated. Thus, an Israeli sapper never blows up a device, he destroys it.

Unfortunately for Maishe and Danny, the robot is useless on a car bomb.

As they sit, shifting their glances from the crowds to their watches, then to the car, they know that when they begin working they'll have less time to work than it takes for Danny to hum one of the innumerable 1950s and early '60s Motown songs from which he learned his minimal English. But they know they must sit on their helmets and wait, until the police can move the crowds back.

•

It's 9.49, according to their watches, and the Bulova is ticking away inside the boot of the car. Maishe uses his walkie-talkie to alert the top police commander on the scene: "Ready or not, we have to start working."

The commander asks for another minute, and Danny nods. The extra minute becomes 90 seconds, and then the two men begin waddling in their heavy gear through the parking lot to the car. Maishe goes to the boot, while Danny goes to the engine. There *is* a boobytrap, Danny discovers. The wiring in the rear of the car includes a boobytrap deep inside the boot, so Maishe first works around the wristwatch and the detonator, leaning so far into the gaping mouth of the boot that all can be seen are his legs, hanging over the top of the faded chrome bumpers.

The crowds go silent as they work. It's as if the entire city is holding its breath. The only sound is the wind, whistling through the alley between City Tower and the squat department store next to the tall, ugly building.

Maishe finishes first, holding a detonator attached to a wire over his head. A moment later Danny is done and, like an athlete raising a championship trophy, waves a fistful of wires over his head.

Danny speaks into the microphone attached to his lapel. "We're done, but don't release the crowds yet."

The two sappers compare devices. Danny looks into the boot of the car. Maishe looks at Danny's work under the bonnet. Then, taking off their helmets and tucking their foreheads into their biceps to wipe the sweat from their brows, they walk slowly back to the van and jeep. Maishe carries the boxes of explosives, while Danny carries the wiring and the watch.

A policeman starts the applause, and the crowds at each of the police lines around the area join in. Some 3000 people applaud the two men, who laugh as they compare their sweaty blue T-shirts under the flak jackets. David, the driver, who brought Danny to the scene in a blue-and-white van, helps them off with their safety gear.

"How much time was left on the clock?" a high-ranking officer asks as he approaches the sappers.

"You really want to know?" Maishe asks back, smiling to Danny.

"Plenty of time," answers Danny, smiling sarcastically at the officer. "Here, look." The officer eagerly looks at the watch, and quickly glances away, his face white.

"See?" Maishe says. "Plenty of time."

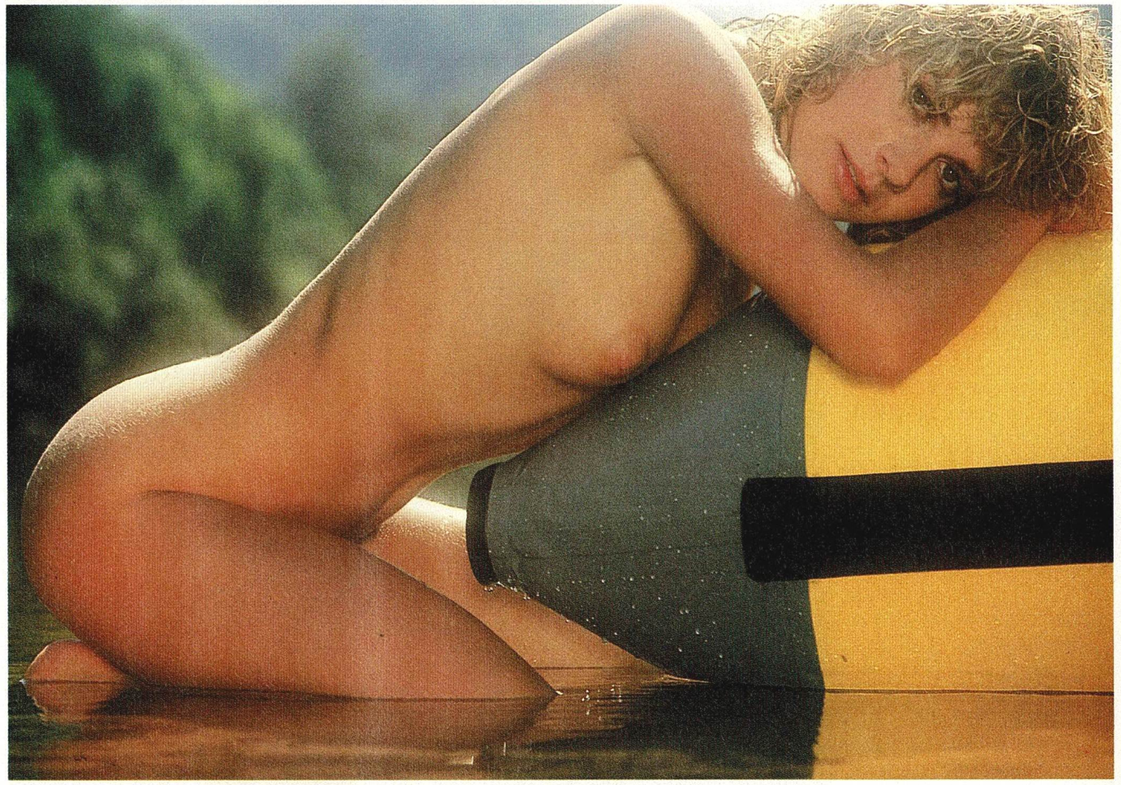
A tow truck pulls the neutralised car bomb out of the parking lot and past the crowd still behind the police lines. The city goes silent again, except for the murmurs of the people behind the front row, who try to push forward to get a better look.

Maishe and Danny finally finish packing up their gear and make an initial report to the top investigators on the scene. From inside the jeep, they watch as the crowd dissolves back into the normal pedestrian traffic of downtown Jerusalem in mid-week.

"Let's get to the cage, I got to change this shirt," Danny says to Maishe. "Look at it!" The navy blue T-shirt is a clinging dark purple on Danny's torso.

Maishe smiles, sends David with the van back to headquarters, and then starts the jeep. Danny gives a whoop and a laugh, and leans forward to turn on the siren.

"All right then, how about a cigarette?"



BUSH BABY

Wollongong's Coralie Cole is a real natural.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Fresh-faced young Coralie Cole has one big ambition. She wants to be a park ranger so she can work with animals and indulge her love of the Australian bush. Coralie has been studying a parks and wildlife management course for several years and her career goal is not far off. "I adore animals," she says. "I've always had pets — dogs, birds, rabbits, even lizards — and soon I'll be getting a baby dingo from an animal park near Wollongong, where I live." Coralie spends her leisure time bushwalking, camping and off-roading, but she admits she also loves the beach. "There's nothing like lazing on the sand," she laughs.

Despite her love of rugged, outdoor activity, Coralie is a very feminine young lady who has definite ideas about the kind of man she prefers. "My ideal man has to be caring and understanding," she says. "He must share my interests in animals and nature, be heaps of fun and, if possible, tall, dark and handsome!" Since moving from her home state of South Australia to the NSW south coast city of Wollongong, Coralie has done some part-time modelling and says she enjoys life at the Gong. The call of the wild is always there, however, and we reckon Coralie puts a whole new dimension on our ideas of bush babies!

GOT TO FACE THE FACE

Fifteen or twenty years ago selecting an aftershave was a two-second exercise. All you had to do was reach for one of the small range of choices available and fork out the cash. In the '80s, a man can choose from a small shopful of products before deciding which one suits him best. Being well-dressed today means the right haircut, the right clothes and the right subtle, classy and sexy aftershave or cologne.

It hardly seems credible that there was a time when "fancy smells" were only associated with actors, male ballet dancers and those whose sexual preferences swung the other way. Today, 85% of Australian men wear some sort of fragrance. In another decade or so, it will seem equally antiquated that a man's baseline grooming line-up did not include a moisturiser, special cleansing bar or sophisticated shave cream.

Over the past four or five years, the Australian men's skin and bodycare market has been mimicking the comparatively high growth rates of its European and American counterparts: a rising curve that is expected to zoom off the sales charts, with the increasing proliferation of male-only special care products. The Partage range of Superior Cleansing Bar, Close Shave Formula and Face-Saving Moisturiser is already in the forefront of this now and future trend.

Looking after their skin, other than a quick once-over with soap and water, is still a relatively revolutionary concept for many men. Yet this terror of being labelled a sissy hasn't stopped them "borrowing" their girlfriend's moisturiser. To the contrary, the big no-nos are to mention the words skin care or moisturiser or admit to using them in a crowded bar, office or locker room. Things are still at a delicate stage, but such Johnny Dinosaur behaviour is on its way out of the cave.

Self-protection isn't narcissism, it's common-sense. Australian men have finally woken up to the fact that their skin, like a woman's, is equally under attack from the effects of a wild and crazy lifestyle, pollution, a harsh environment, stress and diet. Lack of basic skin care can begin to show on a man's face when he is in his early 20s. Around the age of 20 to 22 the body ceases to produce and repair elastin and collagen effectively, a natural phenomenon that is accelerated by climate and hard-living habits. These two components of the skin's make-up are the prime movers and shakers behind a youthful appearance.

A man's face is his fortune, now more then ever before. Psychological tests prove that both men and women respond better to a well-groomed, youthful appearance. Maintaining the whizz-kid bloom is invaluable not only for romantic affairs but also for business and career motives. If you look good, you feel good — and self-confidence is the key to success every which way.

Laughter lines and crow's feet around the eyes can give you a cheery appearance, but they also have the unhappy knack of making you look old. No cream will prevent ageing, but the regular use of a moisturiser will help the skin to retain suppleness and elasticity. Growing old is a natural process but there's no need to speed things along.

A good moisturiser is a basic defence. Moisturisers help the skin do its job better — maintaining the vital water balance that keeps skin smooth and unlined. Moisturisers work as barriers to water loss or as attractors and holders of water from the environment and the skin's own natural supply. The best moisturisers do both. Partage's Face-Saving Moisturiser, a light, non-greasy lotion, binds water, holding it next to the skin, and also acts as a barrier. Containing elastin and collagen, the skin's own fountain of youth substances, it offers maximum protection against the effects of air-conditioning, wind, changes in humidity and the drying effects of sun, sea and surf — skin enemies numbers one through three.

Another important development in men's care products is shaving creams that do more than just foam. Designed to counteract the skin-punishing legacy of shaving and to act as a back-up to Partage's Face-Saving Moisturiser, Partage's Close Shave Formula represents the new generation of products that make shaving nicks yesterday's problem. Containing elastin and collagen, Partage's Close Shave Formula not only lubricates the skin and provides a second line of defence, it also balances the effects of razor burn.

The daily regimen for every man's skin care is a simple one: wash, shave and moisturise. Partage's Close Shave Formula and Face-Saving Moisturiser take care of the second two requirements. The first part of the trio is a job for Partage's Superior Cleansing Bar.

Many men cleanse haphazardly, splashing a little soap and water on the face, barely rinsing, then towelling dry. The dirt isn't totally removed, and joining the facial debris is another unwelcome substance — residual soap that also helps to clog pores while drawing moisture from the possibly already dried out dead cells. On top of that, while some soaps are good, most are bad or fair-to-middling for the face. For men with very dry skin, any kind of soap may be harmful.

So where does that leave the guy out to find how best to cleanse his face? With Partage's Superior Cleansing Bar, a revolutionary new product that replaces traditional, tallow-based soap, that's where. It looks and acts like soap, so there's no fancy cleansing routine to learn, but leaves the face squeaky clean and devoid of the tautness left behind by soap. This soothing action is due to special moisturising emollients and conditioning agents. The use of Partage's Superior Cleansing Bar can be confined to face and neck, or you can give your whole body the treatment. The sleek, easy-to-stow holder allows you to slip it into your travel bag with no fuss.

A major factor in deterring men from developing a skin care routine is the half-baked notion that it involves hour-long rituals. Rubbish. Washing with Partage's Superior Cleansing Bar takes as long as its standard soap and water counterpart. Shaving with Partage's Close Shave Formula takes the same time as shaving with a product that does you half the good. How many seconds does it take to slap on Partage's Face-Saving Moisturiser? The minuscule amount of time involved produces healthy, youthful skin. And, wonder of wonders, it's so light only you will know it's there.

Spending loads of money on male grooming products is fine if you enjoy it and it makes you feel better; it's wrong if you don't have to. Partage's simple three-step skin routine yields the same benefits as so-called prestige products, only you don't have to be a prince or a corporate raider to pay the price of looking good. And you don't have to scour out-of-the-way exclusive shops on the other side of town: Partage is available from leading department stores and pharmacies.

The clothes you wear can be changed daily. Not so your face and body. There's no cast-iron formula for looking good, but a well-groomed guy looks terrific in jeans or a dinner suit. A rough-looker looks good in neither. Taking care of yourself is basically making the most of the raw material you've got. All you need after making the grade as the guy you always wanted to be is the finishing touch of Partage Aftershave Lotion — for men who know what women like.

CD *(continued from page 80)*

Let's face it, in the world of sound reproduction, there is no such thing as "real" music.

They set up a howl that this was tainted sound, ruined by this callous process. They said it was harsh and shrill and there was probably a lot of music missing — in the spaces between the slices. They said the machines were too sensitive to vibration and mistracked if looked at hard. In the first generation of machines and discs, there was a lot of truth to all of that.

But then, the CD player makers took another shot at it. They filled in the cracks with a technique called oversampling, which meant taking each of the thousands of pieces and breaking them down further for a better musical image. Then they added a couple more lasers, kind of like having three styli instead of one to decrease the chances of mistracking.

As to the sound of the discs being harsh, the fault was harder to pinpoint. What had happened was people were hearing a lot more than they were used to. They were hearing pages turned on music stands, coughing in the background, musicians taking breaths between phrases. All of this came through crystal clear because there was no surface noise clouding the sounds. Frankly, a lot of recording engineers were taken by surprise and recording techniques had to be revaluated. High frequency sounds that would have produced distortion if they were recorded analogously suddenly had lots of headroom. At first, there was a tendency to overplay the sonic quality and forget the musicality. That, of course, was what had probably offended the sensibilities of the high-enders. It took a few tries before engineers started to get the digital beast under control.

That still wasn't the end of the objections, though. You could tell some people you had improved every centimetre of the disc player and the discs and they would still hate it. It's not a rational thing we are dealing with here. Deep down inside they don't believe it's real music. They think it's synthetic. They're like people who prefer "natural" vitamins to synthetic vitamins even though they are chemically identical.

Let's face it, in the world of sound reproduction, there is no such thing as "real" music. It's all an approximation. All music exists only in the environment in which it's played and cannot exist in the same form outside it. You can't reproduce the feel of a concert hall or recording studio in your living-room unless you include the acoustical nuances such as the echo of the French horns in the mezzanine or human nuances like the shriek of the groupies in the control booth.

What we haven't had, until now, is a reasonably accurate recording to begin with. We are learning that what we thought was high fidelity was at best mid-fi. The new CD players have sent the sound engineers scurrying to design new tests for sonic sincerity. The CD process is so good the old tests can't even measure the flaws.

While that aural purity in itself is enough to pull the curtain on the black vinyl, the CD players also offer previously unheard of convenience. With 70 minutes of playing time the CD can accommodate a full symphony, or both sides of a conventional LP with room to spare. That means no more getting up to play the flip side. The flip side is gone.

Unless you purchase a strictly bottom of the line unit, you will probably have more programmability than you will ever use. You can, for example, play the same track repeatedly. Or go from the first track to the last in an instant. Or play the first, third and fifth tracks until the neighbors complain and if you have a remote control you can do it all from your lounge chair.

Car players are now available that railway crossings absorb without missing a beat. Multi-play units are the latest configuration. You can stack six to 10 discs in special cartridges and program them for all day play.

Personal players that you can pack along with you deliver the same sonic purity as full-size players because the basic hardware can't be compromised with, say, cheap metal heads or styli.

As for the discs themselves, prices are dropping and selection is increasing. Currently there are about 5000 titles on CD compared to about 50,000 on LP. CDs account for about 12 percent of recorded music sales. And if the record industry was geared to manufacture the CDs faster they could sell a lot more.

They played it cautious at first. Not sure if the little laser discs would catch on. But they needn't have. The sonic superiority of the discs is apparent to anyone who takes the time to listen to one. And years from now, when the music they hold is found to be just as vibrant as the day the disc was made, another fact will be clear. At last we've found a way to save our music for the ages.

"Tell us, Mr Rafferty. Has your life changed much in the week since you won the lottery?"

If you were going out with her tonight, what would you wear?

It's an aftershave as individual as you are.
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LP

(continued from page 80)

In spite of the unprecedented industry hype over CD, there are many who are not enamored of its sound.

which may be varied to provide extremely tight processing control and excellent uniformity, quickly and inexpensively. However, as practical as lithographic prints are, it is relatively easy to see the dot structure. To see more detail in a lithographic print, it can be enlarged only up to a certain point.

The promoters of digital audio would have you believe that the limits or approximations of this system are "close enough" to be considered "perfect". It would be nice if they were, because we are all now stuck with this system whether we like it or not.

Just how good is digital?

Dr Thomas Stockham, designer of the Soundstream digital recorder used by Telarc and many other recording companies, thought the digital system was very good indeed. His liner notes on a 1977 Telarc digital recording proclaim: "A recording of this quality cannot be distinguished from the original input signal — at least no one seems to be able to tell the difference." This whole-hearted enthusiasm for digital is embarrassingly reminiscent of concerts in the early part of the century where live singers were compared with wax cylinder recordings of their voices before an audience. "The most sensitive ear," read a London report of one such recital by Hardy Williamson, "could not detect the slightest difference between the tone of the singer and the tone of the mechanical device."

In spite of the unprecedented industry hype over the CD, there are many who are not enamored of its sound. There is a widely perceived lack of "ambience" in digital, along with an edgy or unnatural quality to violin overtones. Sounding board resonances are muted. Delicate high frequency transients and their overtones are lost in pulse code modulation (PCM) digital recordings. Contrary to popular notion, musical dynamics of CDs are compressed compared to high quality analog recordings of the same material.

Controlled, rigorous listening tests of recording machines reported in *Science News* indicated no superiority of the digital to the analog units. Indeed, in these tests, there was a general subjective preference for the analog units. Another recent test was conducted by a Sheffield Labs recording team at recording sessions of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Eric Leinsdorf as reported in *The Absolute Sound*. Identical two-channel microphone signals were sent to a variety of analog recording machines as well as a JVC digital recorder. Upon careful listening comparisons, the consensus was 12 to 1 in favor of *any* of the analog recording systems over the digital recorder.

The JVC, by the way, is considered to be one of the best sounding digital recorders. A report in *The New Republic* sums it up: "The CD is an immediate, instantaneously impressive achievement, but it cannot be lived with in a sustained musical fashion. In a sound system of sufficient resolution, CDs end up sounding not like perfect sound, but like perfectly unreal sound."

Digital apologists will say that criticisms of digital merely reflect the prejudices of those who cling to the past, and to the "romance" of expensive turntables.

But, in fact, most criticisms of digital are based on actual distortions in the digital system, most of which are unique to digital itself.

Roger Lagadec is chief of digital activities at the prestigious Studer/Revox firm in Switzerland. Studer/Revox is a world leader in the development and manufacture of professional grade digital and analog recording equipment. The August 1985 *Stereo Review* quotes Lagadec as saying that, "In Europe the CD was conceived of as a mid-fi product from the beginning."

What distortions render the best of digital CD inferior to the best of analog?

The first and most obvious shortcoming of the current system is its sampling rate. Most experts now agree that 44,000 times per second is marginal — that it is "too coarse". Everyone agrees that a much higher rate would be better.

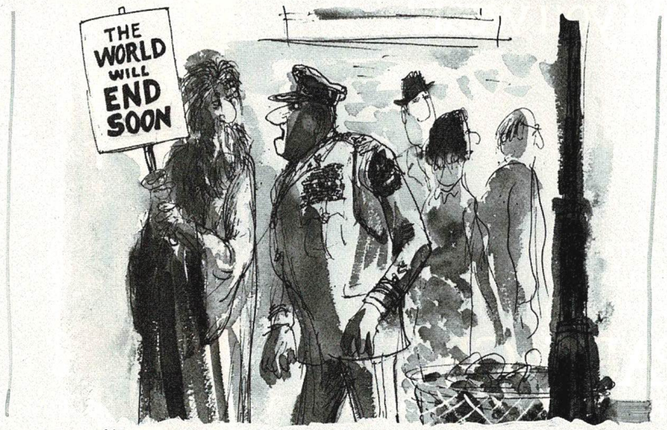
Another side effect of the CD's limited high frequency response is its relatively slow transient response. In other words, the CD's ability to respond to delicate, quick, high frequencies is audibly and measurably inferior to high quality analog.

Why weren't those problems heard from the very start? These exciting new forms of distortion, brought to us by digital, were completely unheard of with "old-fashioned" analog — which is precisely why so many people have overlooked them.

Fortunately, there is a growing realisation among industry professionals that digital has a long way to go before it approaches perfection, and that high quality analog has many sonic virtues. At the conclusion of their 1984 Audio Engineering Society paper, Drs Stockham and Lagadec state: "There are serious reasons for the assumption that digital sound, as it is created today, may be qualitatively different from analog sound, and that the difference should be to the disadvantage of digital."

But this realisation has come too late for those listeners who prefer the sublime subtleties of high quality analog sound. If you, for example, want to buy new recordings of the Berlin Philharmonic, or the New York Philharmonic, but find digital's handling of orchestral string sound to be offensive (many do), you are out of luck. These orchestras, and for that matter most major symphony orchestras, are now recorded exclusively in digital. Whether the recordings are LPs or CDs, they are from digital master tapes. The damage has already been done.

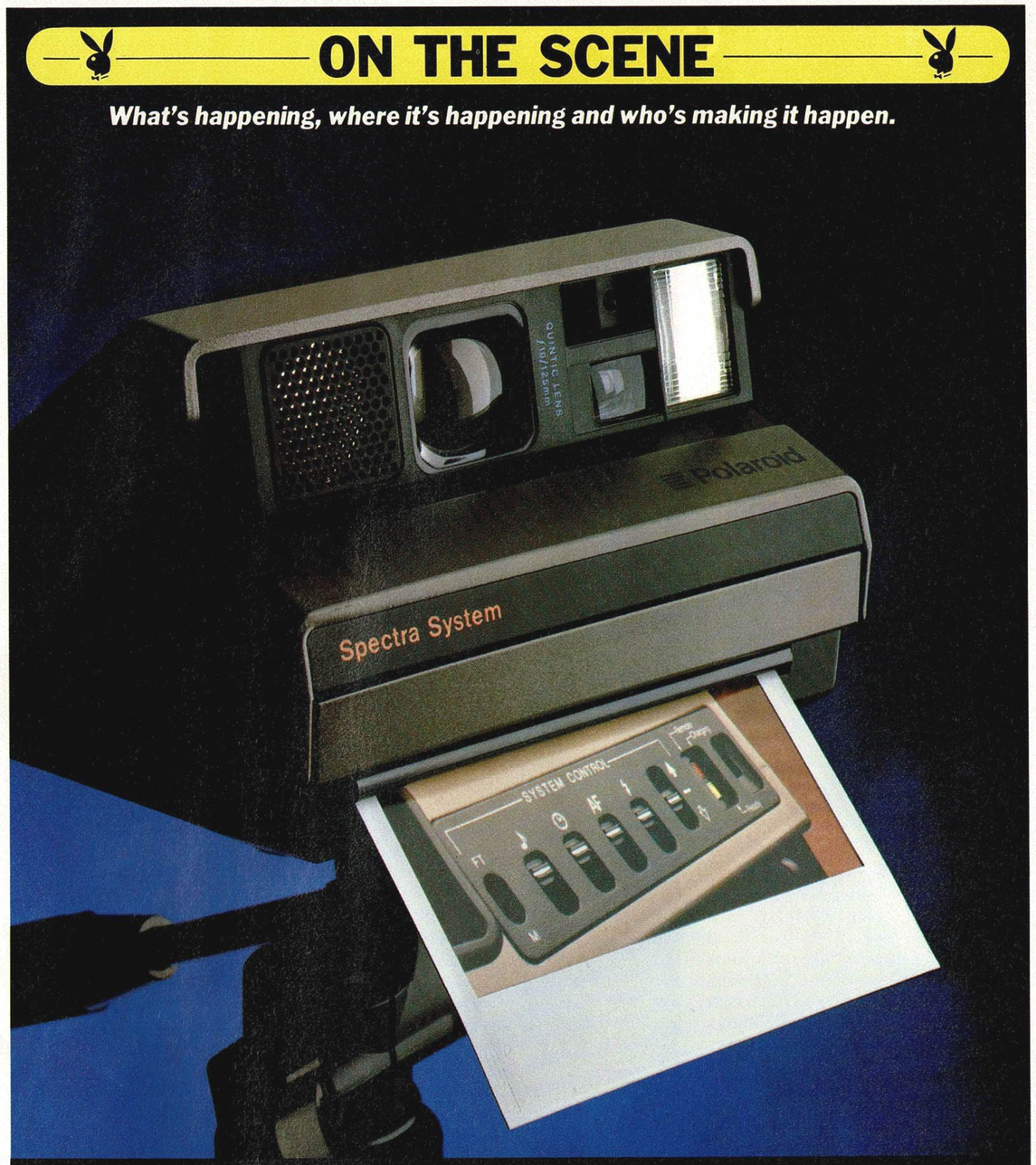
But take heart. There is some hope that CDs may not be quite as indestructible as promised. Results of experiments by Stan Curtis of Cambridge Audio in England suggest that the CD player's laser beam may be damaging the delicate pits in the disc's reflective surface. After a few playings, Cambridge's test equipment begins to show progressively increasing error rates from CDs. Perhaps it's in the eternal scheme of things that only that which is designed properly in the first place should last forever. It would be ironic injustice indeed for survivors of the nuclear winter to have to endure CDs as well as cockroaches.



"Dammit, man! That's classified information!"

ON THE SCENE

What's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen.



DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC?

FOR POLAROID, IT'S been a very good year. First, the legal decision that sent Eastman Kodak and its attempt at instant photography back to the drawing board. Now, the Spectra System, an optical and electronic quantum leap that has produced a marvel of a camera. Spectra will be launched in Australia later this month. Like the best 35s, Polaroid's Spectra is completely automatic — including focus, flash (it recycles in 2/10ths of a second) and even a digital readout that tells you how far your subject is from the camera. Add such options as interchangeable filters and a wireless remote control for the shutter, and you've got yourself a stylish shooter that not only produces crisp color shots in about 90 seconds, but also feels right when you hold it.

Yes, the developed print we positioned in Polaroid's new Spectra System is a larger rectangular format, and it's reproducing the camera's back panel with controls for an audible built-in timer and auto-focus, plus more. Fire off a shot through the Spectra's exclusive Quintic 125mm lens, and Polaroid tells us that "over 30 complex focusing and exposure adjustments occur within 50 thousandths of a second" inside the camera. We'll take their word for it. The results are terrific. And the Spectra is priced competitively with the best compact 35mm cameras. It looks like Polaroid has done it again.

PHOTO BY DAVE JORDANO

Just about any excuse will get us to leave town during the depths of winter. But when Kawasaki invited us to make like a motorised skipping stone aboard its new X-2 Jet Ski, we knew that we were in for the wetting party of the year. The X-2 does for aquatic fun and games what the side-car did for motorcycles — no more solo wave jockeying, with just you and Flipper out there on the briny deep. The X-2's two-cycle 635cc engine has plenty of poke: 65 km/h is about the top end, and should you flip, the X-2 immediately returns to idle and automatically circles back to you, like a friendly dolphin. (Being rudderless, it has nothing underneath except water-intake jets, which provide the thrust.) The X-2 holds up to 200 kg and even comes with an adjustment that enables you to alter its trim, depending on how much weight you're carrying. So, as you can tell, we're wedded to Kawasaki's X-2. (Not even Raquel Welch in a shower would be as much fun.) Surf's up! The gang's down at the beach. Don't just sit there. Join the Jet Ski set in Australia this summer.

PHOTO BY CHRIS CUNNINGHAM

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

My wife and I are both 22. Last summer we were invited by some friends to a nearby nude beach. We declined, saying we were too shy for anything like that. It was, in fact, my shyness, not ours.

The reason I had, which was too embarrassing to tell our friends, is my inability to control erections. My thoughts can be far removed from sex when an erection happens unexpectedly. It usually lasts a couple of minutes, and if I see or hear something that does impress me sexually, there is no way to avoid it.

I rarely go to any beach (much less a nude one) or even to a mixed sauna in case I'm mortified by a sudden bulge in my costume or under a towel. Wearing tight pants is out of the question, and using the club pool, shower or locker room can be a hassle. That's not because other naked men turn me on; everything is fine until someone starts talking about his latest sexual adventure and suddenly there I am with an erection. When it happens the first time, it's funny and everybody laughs about it; if it happens more often, the guys start to wonder.

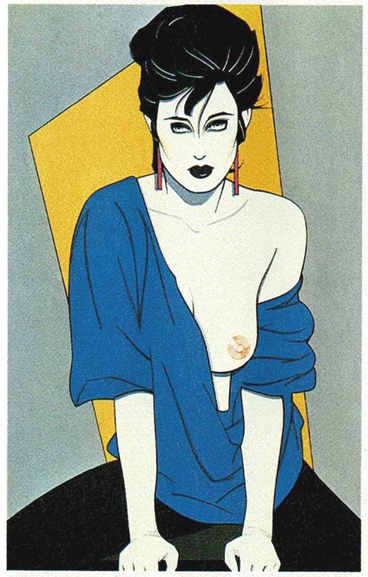
The nude beach incident made me realise how much I've gradually been changing my activities to accommodate my problem rather than trying to eliminate it. Is there any known cause for such a condition, and is there a remedy? I have noticed that when I take medicine for my sinus condition full erections are not possible for several hours, but unfortunately this also causes drowsiness. Will anything else work, without side effects? I've read that erections are a semi-voluntary response; can an avoidance technique be learned?

— M.C., NT.

Yes, it is an embarrassing problem but, rest assured, you certainly aren't the only guy suffering from it. In fact, whenever you are in a locker room situation going through agonies over unwanted erections, there is probably someone else in the room feeling equally embarrassed. You are just too concerned with your own response to notice it happens to others as well.

At your age, it is natural that your system is firing on all engines. Sex is still a relatively new experience for you and it doesn't take much mental stimulation to set your arousal cycle into motion. A few years down the track you'll find that situations which arouse you now won't do much for you at all. See if you can find an older guy to talk to and he'll no doubt tell you he suffered the same problem at your age but gradually found the erotic effect of the situations you describe wore off. Men tend to need more and more physical, rather than mental, stimulation as they get older.

The decrease in the quality of erection you noted while taking sinus medicine is due to the antihistamines in those preparations. It certainly is *not* a good idea to use such preparations in an attempt to control erections. Most such medications have side effects, such as drowsiness, which may seriously affect other aspects of your functioning, particularly if taken in excessive doses. No doctor will be willing to prescribe drugs to dampen a natural sexual response, however embarrassing it may be. It is important you take care of your delicate sexual system so that it continues to function well throughout your life.



My son is seven years old and of average height and weight for his age. He has an extremely small penis, no more than 2½cm. His father's was small, about 12½cm.

When one of my son's friends stayed overnight and they were taking a bath I noticed his friend's penis was three times the length of his, and it was much wider also., The friend is only four years old.

I don't think my son's penis has grown at all since he was born. I think there might be something wrong with him.

— S.B., Vic.

There is no need to concern yourself about the size of your son's penis. It is not at all unusual for the penis of a seven-year-old boy to be only 2½cm long when flaccid, because the penis doesn't normally grow very much between birth and puberty, compared to other parts of the body. As he approaches puberty, usually between 10 and 13, his penis will grow quite rapidly until it reaches its adult size.

Incidentally, you describe your husband's penis as small at 12½cm. Of course, penises do reach longer dimensions than this but 12½cm is well within the normal range and there are plenty of men less endowed.

My husband and I have been married for six years and during that time I have only reached orgasm half a dozen times.

I have tried to tell him what feels good and what doesn't but then the next time we have sex it's as if I haven't said anything at all. When he is doing something I'm enjoying he'll often stop and change to something else but if I say anything he just gets into a huff, so usually I just give up and let him do whatever he likes. I've got into a pattern of faking most of the time. It's not worth his knowing he's not satisfying me. It just gets him upset and that sours our relationship. I'd rather just put up with unsatisfactory sex and at least live in peace. But more and more I find myself thinking about other men during sex, wondering what it would be like being with a man who knew how to make love to me, or who cared enough to learn. But even then I'd be afraid of the same thing happening. I've pretended for so long that I'd be nervous of being really honest with someone new, for fear that it would all turn sour again.

— N.C., Qld.

Because you have had so many years of unsatisfactory sex it must be very hard to relax and just let arousal build up rather than being distracted by all the feelings of anger and frustration caused by your husband's apparent insensitivity. You say you have tried to teach him what you like. Perhaps you haven't been explicit enough in your instructions. Many men complain that they *do* try to interpret what a woman wants but when they seem to be constantly getting it wrong the vulnerable male ego overreacts so quickly and interprets every comment as a criticism. After so much build-up of resentment and tension it would be best if you could enlist the help of a counsellor who could help you through a relearning process. It isn't going to be easy for your husband to cope with the knowledge that you have not been honest with him, and a counsellor could help you both understand how the situation has built up and find a way out.

If this isn't possible perhaps you should find the courage to show him your letter and this reply. Find a time when you are both

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relaxed, and feel close to each other and have *time* to talk without interruption. Be gentle. Try to understand the reasons for his apparent insensitivity and make a plan for a new, honest approach to really teaching him what you enjoy. It will be tense at first but you will find that if you do guide him, not through criticism but through showing your appreciation and enjoyment when he is doing the right thing, he'll quickly learn to give you more pleasure. Don't be afraid to verbalise what you need *during* lovemaking. When he's on the right track, say: "That's lovely, keep doing that." If he's slightly off-target, take his hand and show him how you want to be touched, demonstrate how you like to touch yourself, and during intercourse get him to stop moving so *you* can experiment with controlling the thrusting.

It must be tempting to assume that if you were to find another man, a perfect lover with a magic penis, all your problems would be solved. Many women in unsatisfactory sexual relationships dream of the prince who will awaken them. But as the saying goes, "You have to kiss a lot of frogs before you find your prince." In the end, all princes are basically well-trained frogs — men who have been taught through love and sensitivity to tune in to their lovers' needs. So come on, there's a prince in there somewhere. Start working on him gently!

My girlfriend gets this strange pain every month or so in her stomach. She thinks it happens around the middle of her menstrual cycle. At first we thought it could be appendicitis but by the time we got around to contacting a doctor it had gone away. The strange thing is it seems to come back every month or so. What could be wrong? She has no other symptoms and seems quite healthy in every other way.

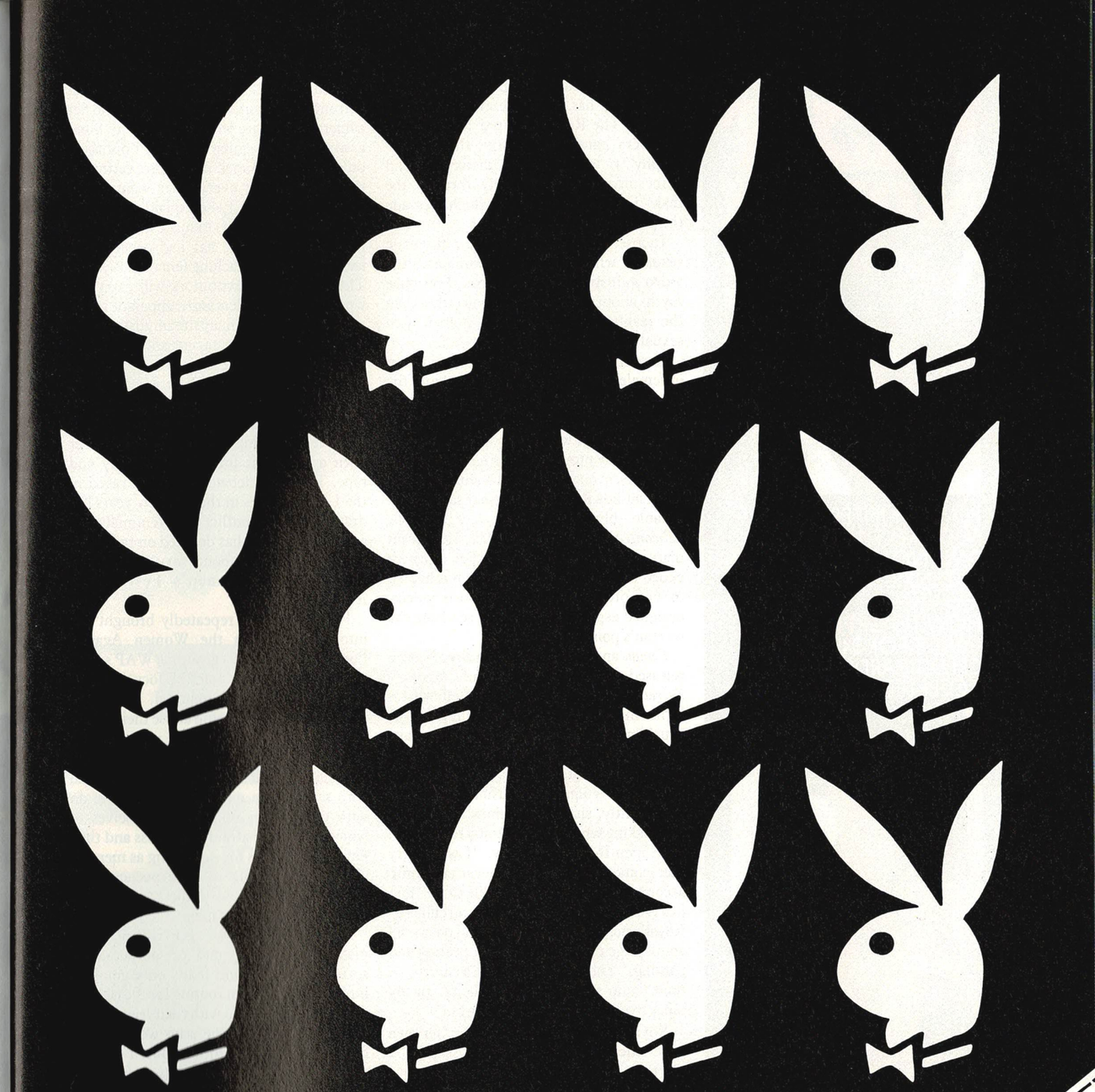
— S.W., SA.

It sounds as if your girlfriend is experiencing *mittelschmerz*, a pain which occurs in the middle of the menstrual cycle and is associated with ovulation. The symptoms are often confused with appendicitis but what's actually happening is the egg is being released from the ovary. Some women experience just a twinge of pain, others acute pain over a number of days. The pain is usually low in the abdomen on one side or the other and can even switch from side to side from month to month.

We would advise your girlfriend to pay a visit to her doctor to check that this is the correct explanation. If it is *mittelschmerz*, it is unlikely that the medico will recommend any treatment providing it is not causing too much discomfort. The use of a contraceptive pill will prevent ovulation and hence eliminate the problem but if it's only a minor inconvenience, it probably isn't worth using the pill for this purpose.

FEMALE PORN

One of the most damning criticisms of



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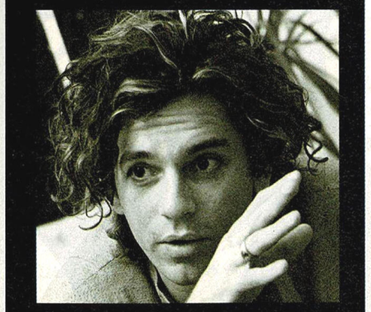

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: **MICHAEL HUTCHENCE** SAYS NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE INXS.

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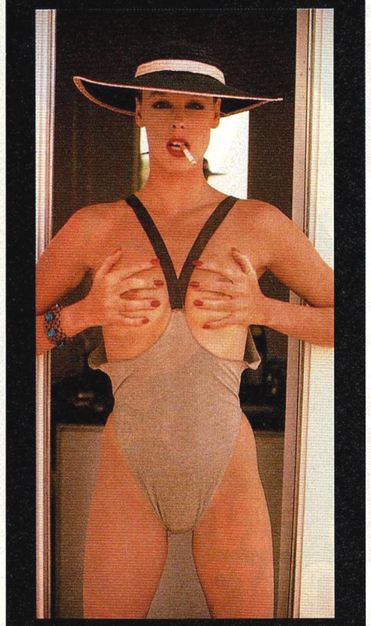

GREAT DANE: A KNOCKOUT PICTORIAL OF **BRIGITTE NIELSEN,** ROCKY'S NEW BRIDE.

CAMEL TROPHY: THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST OFF-ROAD MARATHON COMES DOWN UNDER.

pornography (and particularly x-rated videotapes) has been the degradation of women. The Reverend Fred Nile and his followers constantly charge that pornography is anti-women, distorting and demeaning female sexuality through the male-dominated fantasies which pervade the porn industry.

In a sense it is true. The view of female sexuality which to date has dominated the video industry *is* distorted, based on male myths about what women enjoy rather than the reality of what provides women with sexual pleasure.

Recently, in the United States, a number of female film-makers have moved into the porn industry in an attempt to produce erotic material which presents a more realistic view of what turns women on. The latest female producer to turn her talents to the test is, in one sense, well qualified for the job. Candida Royalle is a former star of such notable blue movies as *Hot Rackets, Pelicans, Fascination* and *Sizzle*. Her recent marriage to film producer Per Sjostedt ended her career in blue movies but has led to her producing her own porn videos, designed especially to present sex from the woman's point of view.

Femme and *Urban Heat* have already been released on the US market and *Christine's Secret* will be out by mid-year. Well, what is it that makes these tapes different from the usual male-oriented fare? For a start, Royalle pays more attention to costumes, to setting, to creating a fantasy scene which is rather less vulgar than usual. But more importantly, she aims to show the type of lovemaking which women enjoy rather than what men think they enjoy. "I was angry that women's pleasure was never taken into account in porn films," Royalle said. "You just don't see how to make a woman climax." Royalle points out that traditional porn is all about huge penises, and lots of puffing and panting: "They never show you a clitoris. . . there is no subtlety, no sensuality. In my tapes the pleasure works two ways."

Royalle frequently draws from her own experience in designing her sex scenes: "I like to be teased — one of the sorriest things that ever came down with the sexual revolution was the loss of the build-up. I like to be touched everywhere, kissed on the neck and belly. I like men to take their time and make me feel my whole body is being admired. So my videos show foreplay and seduction. Sexual arousal can be seen in facial expressions, eye contact and body movement, not just in the genitalia."

Royalle says she wants to make a tape without any intercourse at all, a tape showing the many alternative means of giving pleasure. "I also show lots of afterplay: first slowing the thrusting motion, then talking, laughing — none of that sense of embarrassment you see in other porn."

Royalle is keen to bring other women into the business. Her partner is photographer Lauren Niemi, she uses actresses with "strong personalities and intensity" and her camera people are women. "They're hired as assistants in regular porn but I put them on camera. If women don't start getting in there and taking over, other women will never get involved," she explains.

After all her efforts to make tapes by and for women, Royalle has had conspicuous lack of success in reaching female audiences. The adult film distributors will carry her work but their outlets and campaigns rarely reach women. Yet mainstream distributors won't handle her tapes and women's magazines won't take her ads.

Royalle's most difficult artistic problem has been creating sexy images without trivialising women as sex objects and without offending women who consider porn a blueprint for sexism, battery and rape. The porn debate which has raged in the United States in the past few years has drawn her into conflict with feminists and anti-porners. She has debated on radio and TV and spoken about sexuality at the International Women's Festival in Amsterdam.

Her views have repeatedly brought her into conflict with the Women Against Pornography (WAP) groups: "WAP seems to be confusing the issues by focusing only on sexually explicit material. They say husbands watch porn and abuse their wives. That's an issue of domestic violence, not porn.

"Real rape and battery have nothing to do with sex or porn movies. They have to do with men's fears of losing themselves to women. They're afraid of the loss and they have to punish us for it. As long as men are afraid, we're going to have pornography where men dominate women and women are forced to fulfil the men.

"By suggesting we get rid of dirty pictures WAP will end up perpetuating sexual repression and that's only going to hurt women. I'm not rooting for the right to put up pics of women with their legs spread. I don't like some of the ways women have been portrayed in erotica. But if women were publishers and producers, they'd have control of what images went into magazines and movies.

"I want women to make the porn they like to see. It's the women who are the insatiable ones. But men can learn to satisfy us. It's easy for men to get off without subtlety and that's all we've been focusing on. Women are going to show them and then men will realise what they've been missing."

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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